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The Financial Outlook

By Alan H. Temple

Notes on Pessimism

In that small area south of Fulton Street in New York City, which incontestably holds more wealth than any other spot of like size in the world, it seemed to this observer, as the autumn approached, that pessimism was still the dominant business philosophy of the moment. I refer not so much to the reasoned opinion of some careful students of business that any improvement in trade during the autumn will be less than seasonal, and that substantial betterment will likely be deferred until spring; but rather to the feelings of the district, which so promptly affect the least sensitive of visitors. Thus a gentleman from Texas: "I came up looking for bargains, and now I am going home believing that I ought to sell short even the State of Texas."

The New Era of prosperity and exhilaration, left behind last November, seems to have a counterpart and successor in a New Era of poverty and depression. Instead of explaining, "It looks high but I am buying for the long pull and I can't afford to miss the market," the average holder of stocks is now asking, "Do you think if I sold them I could buy them back cheaper?" He is referring to the very shares for which he paid two or three times as much last fall, although it is quite possible that the corporation represented, as many are, may be earning more profit this year than it did in 1929.

But this is another year. Then it was argued that the United States would never again suffer from severe business recession; now there is an honest fear in some places — not very high ones, however — that the present depression will last a decade or so, that another era of the 'Nineties is upon us, and that the only property that is really worth much is gold dollars. To support this, tenuous arguments are spun out; the dish is served up with as much seasoning and garniture as the New Era philosophy of 1929; what is in most cases entirely an emotion is rationalized to the limit just as the mob beliefs of last year were rationalized.

Not long ago it was suggested to a cotton man of long experience that the low price of cotton during this fall, whatever it may be, is likely to be the low for several years. The arguments advanced were, briefly, that the price already was substantially below the cost of production, a certain to compel a reduction in acreage and o put if it persists until the end of the year; t overproduction of cotton goods had been larg corrected by the very drastic curtailment manufacturing since January first last; that need for cotton steadily increases with growth world population and greater use of automobi and that the supply presently available will be at all excessive once consumption hits normal stride again. These considerations shou it seems, be satisfactory antidotes for desp But they carried no weight with this cotton m He believes that even 18-cent cotton will ne come back (literally never); that the South m and will reduce its cost of production as the o salvation against the excessive output which sees ahead for years to come. He admits that on large and presumably efficient plantation he c not even cover the cost of growing cotton at pr ent prices; he doesn't know what he is going to about it, or how he can reduce his costs; he kno that in the past twenty years such a price as present one has never failed to cut the acreage to 15 per cent in the following season; but he sists that, all of a sudden, cotton growing is find itself on a lower cost level, and that, witho even temporary price advances, enough will produced to supply the world at pre-war pric In other words, that the cotton world is enteri another New Era, new by comparison with past seven or eight years, but similar in ma of its major characteristics to the 'Eighties 'Nineties.

This cotton man is cited at length because prototype is to be found in every industry, every staple commodity market, and in W Street in great numbers. It is said that wa must be deflated, that real estate must come do that "frozen loans" must be liquidated, and th the falling off in the gold supply which the ec omists agree will occur after 1935 means a lo period of declining commodity prices in whi business will be sore put to make profits. As direct result of the circulation of these ideas th was accumulated in the stock market in the l summer what is said to have been the larg short interest on record. Measured by the f that about two hundred stocks were lending "fla or at a premium — which means that the lend

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the stock gets the use of an equivalent amount money without paying any interest upon it, or ɔn receives a premium — it was obviously huge. But the United States was believed to be in a w Era last year, and it proved to be only a ɔm. It is believed by many to be in a New Era s year, and the overwhelming probability is ·t it will prove to be only a cyclical recession. ıen enthusiasm was at its height in 1929 the ɔm was at the point of collapse. When de- ɔndency is at its depth in 1930 it is equally ely that the recession is scraping bottom. The ton man, and his fellows in other industries, ɔects to see overnight something which doubt- s will come with time: a general lowering of ɔduction costs. But it will come gradually, and re will be many upward convulsions of the ce to punctuate it. After each recession the ısumption of cotton has never failed to ad- nce again to another new high record; and it is ıservative to say that a price of 10 cents a und is not going to produce enough cotton to ɔply the necessities of that coming consump- n.

Generalized, that statement will be equally ıe of other commodities; it will be true of busi- ·s as a whole, which enjoys a normal annual ɔwth of about 3 per cent, and which therefore ımbs again to a new high after each backward p. That progress will continue at a rate ap- ɔaching this figure can scarcely be doubted. It ·y be true that population will grow more slowly ıeafter, but the desires of the present population · so little satisfied that even if no new wants are covered and no new luxuries transmuted into dely distributed necessities (both absurd con- ions) there is still unlimited opportunity for ɔ exercise of the energy, capital, labor and re- ırces which go to make up business.

Wages and Real Estate

ɴ A cyclical depression labor and land costs, that is to say wages and real estate, must ɑre the burdens of deflation along with capital. ıt that is characteristic of every severe down- ıng of the business cycle, and to adduce them support of the 1930 New Poverty Era theory ows to what extent it is merely a rationalized ıotion. One of the outstanding features of the esent depression is the effort to keep wages · to sustain public buying power at a time when ıs needed. Many large employers have declared blicly that they did not intend to reduce wages, ɔping that by keeping up disbursements, and by e force of example, they can limit the severity the recession. It is equally true that many skil- l and forward-looking efforts are being made to duce fluctuations in unemployment. That the latter are only partially successful, however, is attested by everyone's eyes and ears. And in fact little more success attends the endeavor to keep up wages. For wage disbursements are being cut, necessarily, a fact which outweighs maintenance of wage rates. There can be no more real wage cut than that of a skilled worker turned out to do unskilled work. But all this affords no reason for arguing that wages must be depressed to pre-war levels, or anything approaching them; the New Era of wages is not a spurious boom phenomenon, it is soundly based on the tremendous increase in efficiency and productiveness that has come with the machine. Wages go down with the business cycle, and they will rise with it.

Deflation of rents and land values is with good cause one of the most feared of economic phenomena, for it can leave vast distress in its wake. But it seems obvious that no such deflation as in 1921 need be feared, for the beginning of the downfall is at so much lower levels. Land values generally are not inflated, with the exception of some urban centers and a few other areas where booms have raised prices out of line with the return from the land. Residential building has been so promptly and so greatly checked this year that the oversupply will soon be absorbed, and the business of caring for the normal population increase and replacing obsolescent housing will soon be under way again. Students of the building figures look for an increase in this class of construction in 1931.

Loans

ANOTHER of the fears that has been cited is that of "frozen loans." By this term is meant, of course, loans upon collateral to a greater value than the present worth of the collateral. The great increase in bank loans upon securities, as compared with last year, which totals $8oo,ooo,ooo for reporting member banks of the Federal Reserve System, is cited as evidence of the necessity of liquidation. It is taken as an indication, first, of frozen loans, and second, of an excessive quantity of speculatively held securities which will weigh against advances and be dislodged by any further decline. Definite testimony as to the volume of under-collateraled loans is contributed by the New York Federal Reserve Bank, which in a survey of its country members found that two-thirds had none or a negligible number of such loans, only nine had as much as 5 per cent, while the maximum was 11 per cent in one bank. Judging by the well-known disposition of banks to stay with a bad loan until they can recover on it, there is not much threat to investment prices in the situation.

(Continued in rear advertising section)

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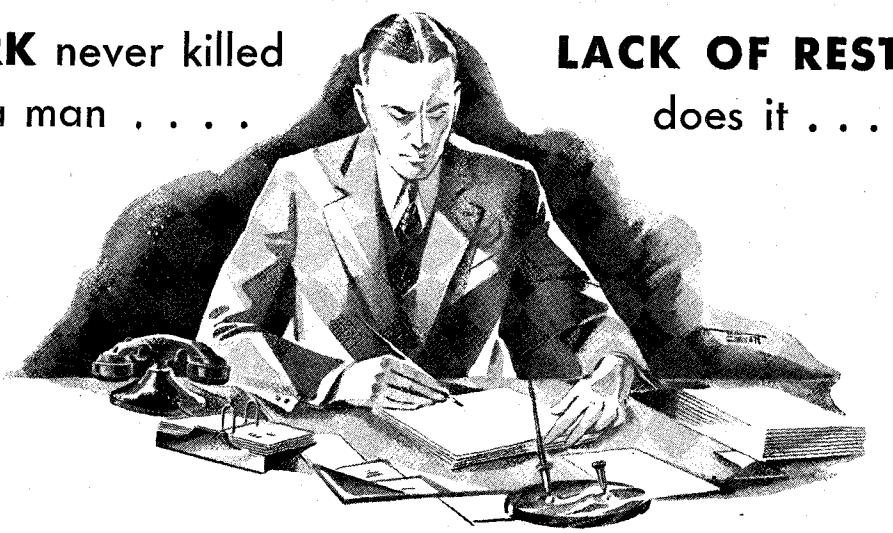

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The North American Review

VOLUME 230 OCTOBER, 1930 NUMBER 4

Apéritif

Apologia

"LICKERISH baits, fit to ensnare a brute . . ." An apt quotation, but, like much of what we have to work with, not too clear.

Anyhow, we thought it a good plan to strew baits about in this space to ease the reader comfortably into the rest of the magazine, as does a real *apéritif* into a meal; and we thought the best baits we knew of would be to tell the hidden causes of obscure yet significant things which baffle the average reader, to answer once and for all such questions as "Will the new ticker machines bring boom times back to Wall Street?" and "What is the dark and secret reason behind tree- and flag-pole-sitting?" Needless to say, we felt quite capable of doing this.

However, though our confidence is still whole, we have made some disturbing discoveries about news events in this connection. They are divided into three kinds, thus:

A son born to Mr. and Mrs. Melvin J. Sackerman on the 3:39 from Lynbrook, L. I., is named Penrod in honor (by nearest approximation) of the Pennsylvania Railroad; a naïve smuggler in Havana attempts without success to sell a gold brick; and Bernard Shaw sells his soul to the movies. This kind is too obvious to bother with.

Bishops at Lambeth lift the ban on birth control; William Bryant, farm hand, tries to collect $15,000 wages, having worked for forty-one years without pay; and the headline, "Lindbergh Drives Horse." These things we find a little hard to understand and lay them aside for a moment, procrastinating.

LOUIS FERDINAND HOHENZOLLERN announces his departure from Henry Ford's employ; Harry F. Sinclair endows a Mexican university with football coaches; mad foxes run over Ruth Hanna McCormick's front lawn. And these, we sadly confess, are quite incomprehensible to us. We had a theory to cover such matters, that everything which happens to a man is determined by his character — but where is the connection between Henry Ford and the divine right, between Mrs. McCormick and foxes, between Harry Sinclair and Mexico? Where?

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Scialoja's Eclipse

DURING the past few months, European diplomats have vainly sought explanation for the gradual exit of Vittoria Scialoja as Italy's representative on the League of Nations Council and in most other of the League's activities.

At the unfortunate Paris Peace Conference, Dr. Scialoja was his country's delegate in the League's formation; thereafter, he was her Geneva delegate when aught important developed. Almost alone among the Italian statesmen's elder school, he survived the Fascist upheaval. It was known that, in private and abroad, he sometimes spoke smilingly of Fascism, with a tongue not famous for its caution; but he is perhaps Italy's most eminent lawyer — and League States-members need lawyers at Geneva. Therefore, people wondered when, last autumn, he began to absent himself from one League commission after another, and when he was replaced on the January Council by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Dino Grandi.

For what it is worth, here is the story:

In October, it says, Scialoja was sought at Rome by the American wife of a powerful Fascist official; she wanted to divorce her husband and retained the doctor because he is a generally successful advocate. A few days after her visit, her husband called and advised the lawyer to abandon the case. He replied that his duty to his client forbade such a course.

"Then," the official is reported as prophesying, "you will be sorry."

He proved right. By that week's end, Scialoja had a summons from Mussolini himself. Il Duce, it developed, had just been for the first time shown — and so proceeded to show the lawyer — a secret *dossier* compiled by Fascist espionage agents at Geneva, relentlessly recording all his private quips against Fascism uttered over dinner tables at the seat of the Nations' League.

How about this one? How about that? Did he really say such-and-such a thing? And did he really say such another?

Scialoja is a resourceful pleader, but an honest man. He could, and did, deny some of the record — could, and did, explain away some more. But there seems to have remained a residuum unpalatable to Il Duce.

"In any case," the latter is reported to have declared, drily, "the spirit underlying all these is not exactly the spirit of New Italy. Grandi wants to go to the Council. Other good Fascists want to go to other League meetings. I think that, in future, they mostly will."

Now they mostly do.

Poets

"THE only virgin is the poet, a virgin whom use can not spoil, who is more than ever virgin when he is with child; one who can be ravished daily by Ideas and Images and still be a virgin. In his sight each day is a First Cause, each object a miraculous invention of that immemorial Mystery whose flesh-burgeoning he is . . ." — Benjamin De Casseres, in *The American Mercury*.

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This seems almost unanswerable, disillusioning though it is and reproachful as we feel toward Byron, Catullus, Walt Whitman and all those others who have so long deceived us; but if only it can be stretched to include unrhymed songsters like Richard Halliburton, we will rest content, for we shall begin to see Light.

More War

DR. C. S. SIMKINS, heredity expert of the University of Tennessee College of Medicine, advocates fighting future wars with man power selected from the weak and feeble-minded, so that healthy, intelligent citizens may be saved for the race. Already two young men have been turned away from the Naval Academy at Annapolis because of their great size, and another from an Army enlistment office in France for the same reason, so it is plain which way the signs are pointing.

In this crisis our first duty is to Senators Moses and McKellar; we must soothe them on the question of national safety. And for once it seems easy. We have information from Dr. H. H. Goddard, professor of abnormal psychology at Ohio State University, to the effect that forty-five per cent of our people are morons; our own statistical department computes that a mere nine per cent of this number will have been fortunate enough to have averted disabling themselves with fast cars, bad gin or housemaid's knee; so that we have something like fifty millions of raw material from which to choose our new army. Not all the rest of the world combined could get together a force of cripples and mental deficients to beat this one.

That done, however, we confess to a greater interest in the spectacle such an army would present, how its parades would look in the movies, what West Point would come to. We see men marching sternly under the colors, their expressions determined and set as false teeth will permit; their heads up and backs straight — if the weather is fine and their lumbago not very troublesome; their feet sending up from the pavement a rhythmic tramp, tramp tramp, unbroken save by ten thousand of the corned and bunioned out of step. Our hearts thrill to the martial sound of their coughing and wheezing. We cheer as the special brigades pass by: the Knock-kneed, the Bow-legged, the Bald-headed, the Deaf and the Dumb. At last comes the crack battalion, and we throw up our hats in a very paroxysm of emotion, we yell till our throats ache. They surge up the street, shambling, shuffling, limping and stumbling — every man a misfit. "Hooray!" we shout, "the Paper Doll Cutters!" And here they are, busily snipping away with their shears, catching their thumbs — Napoleons one and all.

A friend of ours who is an expert on crime and its accessories tells us that chorus girls much prefer the company of gamblers and racketeers in the evening because, unlike the garden variety of business man, they never talk shop.

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Emma

WE ARE encouraged about the animal situation. There is a report of several all-dog pictures produced or under production in Hollywood; the Department of Agriculture has imported from Porto Rico a number of gigantic toads to do battle with grasshoppers, worms and crickets; the American Society of Mammalogists has been making cats solve problems for their daily bread in an effort to determine which sex is the more intelligent (males won); and Drs. Henry Fairfield Osborn and J. H. McGregor have been threshing out the knotty problem of whether a gorilla's thumb is useful — with favorable prospects for the affirmative.

This shows a distinct tendency to put animals to work, to take them out of their present status of pets. And that is why we feel encouraged. All our lives we have objected vigorously to pets: their very existence, the people who keep them, and above all the deadly talk about them these people inflict on helpless friends and acquaintances. Gladly would we hear the whole truth about Prohibition four times over in preference to Mrs. Jones's panegyrics on the intelligence of her poodle: how well he understands her, just like a human — how cute he is, the little darling!

Still we must confess that there was a lonely time in our lives when we were tempted to acquire a pet; but weak as we felt, we were staunch in one respect. It would be no frilly, malformed little beast; our pet would be man-sized — an animal which would not only be company in the long winter evenings, but also be of use around the house. One that could beat out the rugs, throw trunks about, clear snowdrifts from our doorstep. And withal a philosophic creature to which we could bring our troubles and get sympathy. In short, a whale.

For the sake of domesticity, it would be female, and named Emma. There would be no having to sleep with Emma to keep her calm during the night, no barking or mewing to frazzle our nerves, no jumping in our laps on sudden and disastrous whims. No sitting up and begging — as well for the safety of the priceless old English oak beams in our ceiling — no hoarse croaking of unintelligible words, as with parrots, and no inadvertent stepping on her, as with mice.

MUCH, however, as we would value Emma's strength in household duties and the absence from her make-up of these annoyances, our greatest appreciation would be for her calm, phlegmatic mien. To her we could go with our most vexing problems and come away soothed by a look. No question, of what world-shattering import you will, but would dull its sharp horns against her cool brow, and turn docile as a lamb.

Not, you understand, that Emma would never make a show of temper. Under our tutelage she would quickly learn the aspects of all salesmen, distant relatives and other bores. And on these she would expend her little store of anger, with gentle lashings of her tail, or from her snout a graceful, parabolic stream of water of which a brimming tub would always stand close by.

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Benefaction

In a hard-hearted world whose graduate Boy Scouts immediately forget their resolve to do a good deed every day, it is encouraging to find an occasional act of mercy, even though the finding requires persistent search. Thus we have an instance of a Kingston, N. Y., jailer who released a prisoner to be married, placing him again behind the bars when the ceremony was over and the bride on her way back to Brooklyn; another, of a lifer who was let out for one day to attend the funeral of his wife; and another, of a robber who returned to a weeping lady her wedding ring. As an example of the intermittent kindness of fate, we have the case of Salvatore Fiore, who was sentenced to life as a fourth offender and subsequently got out of it because of suspended sentences in two out of his first three offenses. However, at the same time, Joseph Johnson who had nearly completed a three-years' sentence was discovered to be an actual fourth offender and will spend the rest of his life in jail.

But our best case is that of Max Levine, hero street sweeper, who by hurling his refuse pan through the windshield of an automobile killed one bandit, wounded another and stopped the flight of them both. He was commended with a long and ceremonious oration by the head of the Department of Sanitation, and presented with a gold band for his uniform. He asked for a little raise of pay, in consideration of twenty-six years of faithful service, but the authorities overlooked this *faux pas* and gave him the gold band anyway.

With a far-sighted eye cocked perhaps on the Magistrates of New York City today, Jeremiah Evarts wrote in The North American Review for October, 1830:

"It would be a hard case, indeed, if our judges were required to sanction, with the weight of their private character, as moralists, philanthropists, and Christians, all the laws, which, as parts of our code, they are bound to enforce."

Kava

There is the liquor *kava*, which natives in the South Sea islands are accustomed to drink. When the mood is upon them, they gather in a large circle, separated enough from each other so that the bottle may be passed around but no native can touch another. This is because a few good drinks of the *kava* raise in each dusky breast an irresistible desire to slaughter anyone within reach. At the same time, fortunately, paralysis of the lower half of the body sets in, so that no harm is done as long as a safe distance is kept between drinkers.

In the early days of Mr. Coolidge's famous column, when it was receiving sedulous attention from other columnists, Elliott Thurston in *The World* made a suggestion in line with Mr. Coolidge's well-known plea for more pulling together and less complaining. It was to the effect that little get-together dinners and luncheons be held in Washington, with such boon companions as Hoover and Hiram Johnson, Tinkham and Bishop Cannon, and Speaker Longworth and Vice President Curtis as guests. Slight differences would be forgotten and in a spirit of happy

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comradeship they would usher in an Era of Good Feeling.

We thought this a fine scheme; but we did want to have *kava* served at all the functions, to keep some reasonable check on the flood of brotherly love. Part of our plan, was to place the chairs farther apart than is usually the case at banquet tables, for the sake of next-day quorums in Congress. But we still felt a little dubious about the attendants. We could hear Mrs. McCormick call to one, sweetly: "Oh, waiter! Bring that chair here, will you? — No, no! Not that one — the one over there with Senator Nye on it." And the waiter *might* have brought it.

Also, the announcement of our Government's acquisition, of the "forty-two-lined" Gutenberg Bible for future Presidents to take oath upon — at a cost of $280,000 — raises in our minds the question: "Wouldn't a stack of old *Herald Tribunes* be cheaper?"

Evolution

THERE came to us the other day an indisputable token of change from the old ways. On our way through the park we stopped to watch two little boys sailing toy boats on a pond, and became quite sentimental at the earnestness with which they enjoyed the sport — appointing captains and crews for the ships, picking out destinations, riding bravely through storms, delivering cargoes in strange ports.

"Boys will be boys," we thought happily as we moved closer to listen. Then one of them asked, while busily docking his ship, this casual question:

"What's your cargo, Eddie? Scotch or rum?" W. A. D.

THE EDITORS regret that unforeseen circumstances prevent publication of the Mark Twain memoirs in this issue.

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Moscow Goads China

By Rodney Gilbert

The Soviet State will not be secure until Moscow dominates the Mongol masses. Chinese intellectuals, militarists and politicians have rejected Communism. Has Moscow abandoned hope?

China is notoriously a land of stupendous calamities. Floods, famines, pestilences, earthquakes, civil war and banditry succeed one another like the "supers" in a stage army, strutting across the boards, around behind the scenes, and back upon the stage again with ghastly monotony. This past summer another figure, which has had a part in the procession in China for some years past, adopted a major rôle and cut some gruesome capers that instantly won it front-page notices throughout the world. This figure was labeled "Communism." Emerging from the mountains of the southeast into the very richest heart of China, the great fertile valleys drained by the Yangtze River and its tributaries, Communism has, in a few months, not only given an effective pause to agriculture, industry and trade, throwing a native population of perhaps fifty millions into a state of hopeless confusion; it has also laid a heavy hand on foreign interests throughout this territory and has wantonly done much damage to mission and other foreign property.

It seems hard at this long range to understand the purpose of such an ebullition. It seems hard to believe that the savage hordes which fly the red flag and resort with such avidity to butchery, torture, arson and rape, can enjoy any direct relations with the Communists who are making such strenuous efforts in Russia to build up agriculture, industry and foreign trade and are making such free and flattering use of American machinery and technical advice. Yet a connection does exist and, once it is traced, it is not so hard to understand why a massacre in Hunan is as highly esteemed by one bureau in Moscow as an American tractor is by another.

During the past ten or eleven years Soviet Russia has made three distinct appeals to China. The first was an intellectual appeal to the *illuminati*, the professors and students in the half-modernized universities and middle schools; and Moscow's offering was theoretical Marxism, strangely blended with nationalism and race prejudice. This

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offering, first made early in 1920, was gratefully accepted and assimilated; but the intellectuals proved to be as slow to action as they were ardent in conversation, so new agents of the Third Internationale appeared instantly with new offerings to a new clientele.

They approached the militarists and the politicians with proffers of returned Russian concessions, finance, munitions, and expert leadership in war, propaganda, conspiracy, espionage and diplomacy. With these inducements they bought outright, between 1922 and 1927, scores of Generals, bevies of political sages and hordes of rather useless soldiery. They acquired what seemed absolute control over great areas of China and dictated the policies, particularly in foreign affairs, of that Government out of which grew the recognized central authority at Nanking. Then, just three years ago, they suddenly found themselves rudely ejected from the administrative structure which they had been at such pains and expense to erect. They found their native agents proscribed and hunted to death, their doctrines denounced as disreputable and subversive, and even their diplomatic and consular representatives treated with contumely and deported from the country. It was a nasty shock, because it involved a great loss of what is known in the East as "face."

It was in December, 1927, that diplomatic relations between the Nationalist Revolutionary Government at Nanking and Soviet Russia were officially severed. The Reds, who had invested something like fifty million roubles in gold in their Chinese experiments, opened the year 1928 with the solemn resolution that they would never again squander so much as a kopeck on a Chinese official. Nominal Chinese adherence to Communist or any other doctrine could be bought with a handful of cartridges, said the under cover agents who remained in China when the Red advisers and consuls were gone; but no system had yet been devised by a transplanted Ogpu which could hold a Chinese of the official class loyal to his backers if he saw an advantage to himself in betraying them.

It was quite publicly and frankly announced that the Soviet had no idea of abandoning and writing off its investments in China. Some return was going to be exacted on the great sums devoted to propaganda, munitions and bribes, and particular vengeance was going to be taken upon General Chiang Kai-shek, the Kuomintang politicians and the Nationalist organization at large, for their graceless betrayal of Moscow's confidence. *Revanche*, said the Reds, they would achieve in due course by what they called "subterranean work."

And this was no idle boast; for the Red consulates were scarcely closed when the police of the foreign concessions and settlements noted a wholesale exodus of Russian agitators, of the type formerly employed in the Chinese armies and in mob demonstrations, and very shortly trouble began in remote rural districts. Bands of outlaws in the mountains of the South, remote from garrison towns and the main arteries of

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communications, began to harry the villages, killing, looting and burning under the red flag and in the name of Communism. Sometimes they took a market town, had a grand massacre and killed or kidnapped a missionary; but the outrages perpetrated by those Red "armies" did not at first impinge upon foreign interests directly enough nor often enough to earn them the attention in the Occident that they deserved. There has not been a day, however, from the early months of 1928 down to the present, when these so-called Communists have neglected to visit terror and misery upon some rural district in South China, and therefore no day when the Nanking régime has been allowed to forget the former *entente* between Red Russia and the Chinese Kuomintang — or Nationalist People's Party.

How the Red agitators found it so easy to start and carry on such work must be explained. In exchange for munitions, financial support and actual leadership in both war and political organization, Dr. Sun Yat-sen, founder of the Kuomintang, and his successors had to give the Russian agents and their Chinese understudies, trained in Russia, a free hand in agitation among the "workers and peasants," that is within the semi-criminal rabble of the great cities and the landless countrymen from whom bandits have always been recruited in China's many periods of disorder and distress, and from whom the huge armies of modern China are largely drawn. These dangerous elements with nothing to lose were saturated, between 1922 and the end of 1927, with the kind of Bolshevism that they were capable of understanding.

The Chinese phrase which serves as a translation of "Communism" — *Kung Ch'an Chu-i* — is capable of several interpretations and therefore of a variety of translations into English. Most literally it means, "Public wealth idea." As it was passed down to the illiterate and submerged elements to which the agitators made their "subterranean" appeal, it conveyed little more than the ideas that the very poor had a right to slaughter and loot the property owner; that the aged, past useful work and living on invested savings or on the work of their children, were burdens on society and reservoirs of conservative notions, so should be exterminated; that alien religions were a medium through which "imperialism" was foisted on China; and that the women of the prosperous were for the delectation of those who could afford no wives.

These doctrines were first propagated within the Nationalist armies, while Soviet officers were actually directing them, and were spread in the cities when Russian agitators were financing strikes, mob demonstrations, kidnappings and assassinations under Nationalist license. Disbanded troops carried these ideas rapidly into every rural district and the floating riff-raff of the cities took them to every walled town. The small farmer, small trader, boatman or city coolie, reduced to destitution where taxation, banditry and military impositions put an end to normal commerce, was a ready convert to the doctrine that the robbery and murder of the rich were

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ethically sound proceedings. Poverty growing out of maladministration has broken the morale of millions in South China during the past few years; and the broken man falls gleefully into step with any band that gives him weapons and promises him a chance to kill and loot, without great risk to his person, on the single condition that he memorize the slogans and other hocus-pocus of an alien political cult.

For three years past the centre of this kind of Communist enterprise has been the mountainous borderland between the rich provinces of Kuangtung, Kiangsi and Fukien. The Chinese leaders are politically obscure persons with Russian training whose names mean nothing abroad, as for instance: Chu Teh, Mao Tse-tung, Pang Teh-kuai, Shao Erh-ping, Fang Tze-ming, Li Yueh-chien, and so forth. Provincial authorities in China do not pursue outlaws beyond their own frontiers. They are content to push them over on their neighbors. So the Reds, sitting on a junction of three provinces, have never had to give soldiery battle but have always escaped punitive expeditions by moving from Fukien to Kuangtung or from Kiangsi to Fukien, as conditions dictated. Their best opportunities came, while they were playing this game, when the garrisons of isolated interior cities were reduced during civil war elsewhere. It is because they are now reduced everywhere in the South to pad Chiang Kai-shek's armies in the North, that the Communists have come out in the open; but their tactics remain much the same. They take no chances.

They move in small bands until some poorly protected town is indicated as the next objective. They then assemble to the number of about ten thousand, descend quickly upon the place, fight their way in and butcher the garrison to get their weapons. These are passed out to unarmed Red recruits and the raiders kill off all the rich and aged, take what ready money they can find, carry off and hold to ransom a few merchants, who are known to have negotiable property, and the foreign missionaries, if there are any. They seize as many of the young women as they want for their diversion — many become "converts" — and disappear into the nearest hills.

In impoverished districts the raiders are invariably joined by thousands of young peasants in the attack on and sack of the local walled city. These local malcontents are not only intent upon getting something back from the grasping officials who live behind the walls and lay intolerable burdens upon the poor, but are also concerned for the safety of their own little properties and families; for one does not have to have much to be a "capitalist" in the sight of these Chinese Reds. The rustic who joins in a raid on the walled town can bargain beforehand for the security of his own elders, women and petty accumulations of grain and cash. Since one does not owe much to humanity in China outside the family, the butchery of townsmen, among whom he has no kin, does not greatly burden an impoverished yokel's conscience.

In those agricultural districts of the South where some degree of

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prosperity has survived taxation and banditry, the country folk have made isolated efforts to organize themselves into militia regiments when garrisons were withdrawn, with the idea of protecting themselves from the Red outlaws. Such defense measures are noted from afar off and are quickly discouraged by the Communists, however. As soon as they hear of the forming of a militia regiment, the Reds swarm together in overwhelming force, descend upon the township that proposes to defy them and make a horrible example of it. Villages are burned and leveled, crops are destroyed and, in the market town of the district, every man and woman over thirty is slaughtered before the place is fired. The organizers and officers of the militia are hunted out and are tortured to death in a public place. The favorite method is a piece-meal dissection, beginning with nose, ears and fingers, that may last several days.

EMERGING from their mountain fastnesses early last spring, when the Nationalist armies moved into northern territory to face the Yen Hsi-shan rebellion, the Communists during five or six months pushed their operations into almost every corner of the Yangtze Valley, terrorizing all the richest agricultural districts in China and interfering with both native communications and foreign shipping on the rivers. During the past few months they have devastated the greater part of Kiangsi, at one time holding more than forty of the province's walled towns, and have paralyzed farming and trade in much of Hupeh, Hunan, Kuangsi, Kuangtung, Fukien, and in various districts of Chekiang, Shantung, Szechuan and Honan. Since it is their policy to promote misery, they have everywhere given particular attention to the bedevilment of farmers; so that there are now great areas which have not only been stripped of all food reserves but in which the peasants dare not venture into the fields to harvest standing crops.

MUCH as these ruffians resemble Chinese bandits in their methods, they have an organization among themselves, even when widely scattered, which bandits do not have. It is not Red policy now to erect a central command and a generalissimo who might become self-important and betray the cause, so they seldom move in bands of more than three thousand and never assemble in numbers greater than ten thousand. But their "armies" are numbered and a passport issued by any one of their leaders is honored by others in widely removed territory. They never get together in overwhelming force and try to hold and exploit a district, fighting pitched battles with regular soldiery, as bandits do when they become ambitious. But there is a method in their mad barbarities which reveals that they operate under highly intelligent direction. The skilful advantage they take of military movements, their expert avoidance of encounters, the well-timed appearance of independent bodies, converging from many directions upon a designated city as the soldiery are drawn off by civil war, all indicate that they march under orders from a master strategist.

The uncovering of one of their

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bases in the international settlement at Amoy a few months ago, where great masses of literature of Russian origin and correspondence with Russia were found, established clearly enough what everyone in the East had taken for granted. Vladivostok was the source of inspiration, orders, money and of some munitions and supplies. Similar establishments have been raided in Shanghai and Hongkong, yielding similar results. They probably exist in every port where there are sufficient aliens in residence so that Russian agitators can come and go without being too conspicuous.

EVERY little while the big foreign concessions at Shanghai, Hankow and Tientsin have their mob demonstrations, when these towns are fairly plastered with Red literature in the best Russian style, despite all police surveillance of Communist nests, as evidence that the "subterranean work" goes tirelessly on in the cities as well as in the remote rural districts. Both in town and country these illiterates of the lowest order whose knowledge of world affairs is that of a five-year-old American child, use not only the red flag but the hammer and sickle insignia of Soviet Russia. Their literature is illustrated with likenesses of Marx and Lenin; and their patter is that of the Third Internationale's supporters in Moscow or Paris, New York or Budapest. If the Russian press did not boast of the activities of its allies among the "workers and peasants" in China, it would still be too absurd to suggest that these mimicries of Bolshevist abracadabra were spontaneous in Chinese coolies whose vision of the world and of world affairs is much that of a Mexican Indian.

The question that occurs to the average person who reads of these seemingly purposeless Red antics in the interior of China, leading up to nothing but misery and chaos, is: "What can the Third Internationale possibly hope to get out of such use of such material?"

Every Communist who has been in China pronounces the country a hopelessly poor field for the cultivation of Marxism. The industrial proletariat, the ruling caste in a true Communist state, does not make up a thousandth part of the Chinese population and never can be a large element in a country so poor in industrial resources. There is no aristocracy to overthrow, there are no castes to break down, and there are no hereditary classes to pit against one another. Equal opportunity has been a matter of course for two thousand years. The rise of ambitious youths from the lowest ranks of cooliedom to the highest official positions has been a common phenomenon in all ages.

THERE are no great estates to break up. Farms are small and are generally owned outright by the families that cultivate them. Tenant farmers are proportionately fewer than in most Occidental countries. The Chinese farmer is neither a serf nor a peasant in the European sense. National tradition rates him high in the social order — much higher than the bourgeois merchant, for instance. Add to all this the fact that the Chinese are instinctively patriarchal, rather than social, and are innately suspicious of any kind of coöperative

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effort outside the family or clan, and it will be obvious to anyone who knows the theory of Communism how little appeal this theory, if honestly presented, can make to them.

In private conversation every Russian envoy who has been involved in Oriental affairs, not excepting such indefatigable trouble-makers as Karakhan and Borodin, has confessed that the Chinese were the poorest material in the world from which to shape a Marxian commonwealth. All that the Red agitator can hope to do, by exploiting poverty and discontent under bad government, is to throw the country into confusion, stop production, stop the movement of commodities in and out of the country, and heighten misery.

THIS in itself seems a pretty poor objective for an organization of professed idealists like the Third Internationale. Yet it is the one real Red objective in Asia; and chaos in China is the one contribution that China can make to world revolution which the most exalted Communists think worth whatever it costs. In deviating from this objective, by trying to set up a Communist State in China, Borodin exposed himself to bitter criticism in Russia; and for this he was disgraced when his effort failed. The present movement, appealing directly to the lowest, most ignorant and most ruthless elements, and working directly towards the disruption of all economic life in the country, is the first of the several Soviet experiments that really satisfies Red policy in China and is not regarded in Moscow as a pursuit of ephemeral vanities. This perhaps needs explaining.

According to the doctrine which Lenin made the Soviet Union's world policy, Communism can not be a thoroughgoing success, can not even be given a fair trial, in any one isolated country like Russia. Lenin also recognized that Russia, being largely agricultural, was not an ideal base for the establishment of an international "dictatorship of the industrial proletariat." He needed countries like Germany, England and America for his experiment. He hoped that the flame lighted in Russia in 1917 would sweep rapidly over Europe, before reconstruction set in after the war, and then spread throughout the world.

PROMISING conflagrations began in Germany, Hungary and Italy as soon as the war ended; but these were quenched by strong reactions and Europe not only began to recover without the aid of Bolshevism, but reared stout defenses against that cult. Lenin was disgusted and embittered, but out of his bitterness grew a fresh resolution in 1919. That was to throw Asia into turmoil, by supporting Asiatic malcontents of whatever political faith, in the hope of closing Asiatic markets to Occidental trade. He knew that if he could reduce the productivity and buying power of a sufficient number of yellow and brown men, he could be sure of a big reduction in international commerce, a perceptible slowing down of industry in the Occident, unemployment, poverty and discontent in Europe, and eventually in America as well. He hoped to avail himself of this discontent to introduce Communism in the nations of the West that had rejected his gospel.

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This inspiration made such a strong appeal to the Third Internationale that it set instantly to work to put it into effect; and, in eleven years, it has never for an instant lost sight of its Asiatic objective.

RUSSIA'S attention was turned to the Far East late in 1919, and, before the end of that year the first school for Oriental agitators was opened in Irkutsk, in Siberia. Within a few months small groups of Korean, Mongol, Chinese and Japanese "workers" had been graduated and were seeping into their respective homelands with abundant funds in gold coin. These first Irkutsk alumni were rather short on Marxian doctrine but long on race-prejudice and an appreciation of trouble for trouble's sake. They understood one thing clearly, and that was that the white man's ruin in Asia was the first step towards racial equality. White "imperialism" was the bugaboo which they had been schooled to exhibit to every yellow man they could buttonhole as something to distrust, fear and hate.

The development of this bright thought in China during the past ten years would make too long a story to review here even in outline. Anti-foreignism did not die in China with the collapse of the Boxer movement. It has always been latent. The Red agents had only to arouse it and to instil into the students, and then into the timid Generals and politicians whom they financed, the courage to give violent expression to their anti-foreign sentiments. It was the Russian agent's business to interpret the Occident's tolerant and conciliatory attitude towards anti-foreign and anti-Christian demonstrations as signs of weakness in the West, and to encourage their Chinese pupils to perpetrate greater and bolder outrages as minor offenses against foreign persons and property passed unresented.

As the correspondence seized in the Soviet Embassy in Peking, in 1927, proved beyond cavil, they deliberately tried to provoke the armed forces of the Occidental Powers in the East to punitive measures, which their propagandists could advertise throughout the world as evidences of the ruthless imperialism of the capitalist nations. In their reports to Moscow and instructions to agents, they lamented, over and over, that there were so few clashes between native mobs and foreign soldiery. They expressed perfect confidence that post-war public sentiment in England and America would not tolerate such effective disciplinary action in any part of Asia as would discourage anti-foreignism; but they hoped for such spasmodic action on the part of hot-headed police, soldiers or sailors, as would satisfy Lenin's ambition when he said: "China is seething and it must be our part to keep the pot boiling."

SKETCHY in character as this review of Red ambitions and of Chinese reactions is, it will convey at least a glimmer of understanding of what is now going on in China. Red tactics are different since Borodin went home in 1927, but the objective remains the same and China continues to improve as a field for Moscow's endeavors. In onerous taxation, maladministration and petty persecution, the National-

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ist Government has contributed more than any of its blundering predecessors to the discouragement of production and trade. Poverty and the spirit of revolt abet each other in every quarter of the country except Manchuria, where Japanese influence acts as a sedative and trade booms. The Red agitator finds it easy to exploit the wretchedness that is born of poverty and the restlessness that makes more poverty.

NANKING is involved in a life and death struggle with organized revolt in the North and has withdrawn every effective unit from the southern provinces most worth looting. This has left the Communists a clear field and has enabled them to approach the Yangtze River and other great waterways and to make an occasional direct attack upon the real butt of all their efforts, foreign trade. Every assault upon a village which stops the production of commodities for export or lowers a community's buying power, is, of course, an indirect shot at the same mark. Every time a missionary is carried off, abused or killed, and nothing comes of it but diplomatic correspondence, notes and regrets, foreign prestige is lowered, foreign life and property become less secure in China, foreign firms in the Coast ports withdraw from dangerous markets and dangerous lines of communication, insurance and transport costs go up, and trade is generally discouraged. Every time an alien is maltreated in China, Moscow chalks up a credit to Communism; for every such incident means a degree of trade retrenchment in the East, and every such retrenchment means a degree of poverty and discontent in the West.

General industrial depression in this country, with the inevitable accompaniment of unemployment, makes Red activities in China all the more opportune to the far-sighted gentry of the Third Internationale. Our trade with China may keep a very trifling proportion of our factories working; but if it means anything to us to keep them open it means much more to the ardent Communist to see them closed.

TO THE average American it will seem very far-fetched indeed to suggest that someone in Moscow prompts bands of Chinese outlaws to sack Changsha and destroy most of the foreign missions, to fire on American, British and Japanese steamers on the Yangtze, and to close in on the Wu-Han cities — "the Chicago of China" — and cut their communications, so that workmen in New York, Chicago and Detroit will lend a readier ear to Communist doctrine. But to the worthies in Moscow, whose whole business in life is "world revolution" and whose one great absorption is the economic and political interdependence of the industrial nations, the idea of torturing Changsha to elicit groans from Chicago is no more fantastic than the thought that the burning out of a fuse at one end of a long and much tangled wire will put out a light at the other end. It is easy to reduce Red operations throughout Asia to as simple terms as these if one can only get over the initial error of predicating scruples to the "world revolutionary."

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Give Us Democracy

By Albert C. Ritchie

Governor of Maryland

A plea for freedom from Federal transgression in the domain of the State

Political philosophers have for ages debated the relative claims of the individual and the State. In American politics this has taken the form of a contest between the claims of the local community organized into a State and the claims of the Nation organized into a Federal Government. The Colonies grew into States, and as States they formed a Federal Union. They created, as our Supreme Court has said, "an indivisible union of indivisible States." But from the very beginning there was a conflict between two schools, two tendencies, one standing for a highly centralized, aristocratic, all-powerful National Government, the other for a Democratic Republic in which power, through the medium of the States, should always remain close to the people.

The term State Rights is not now a well chosen one. It is hardly applicable any longer. It harks back to the Civil War and bears the label of a lost cause, a cause no one would revive. Yet it has always been the symbol of those who take the side of the States against advancing and encroaching Federalism of any kind, the side of less government against more government. It is so applied today, although I would rather adopt a term which would seem to me more expressive, such as State duty, or State responsibility, or local self-government.

It is, however, important not to misunderstand or misconceive the phrase, and to remember that it has meant different things at different periods of our history.

Woodrow Wilson said in his *Constitutional Government:*

> The question of the relation of the States to the Federal Government is the cardinal question of our constitutional government. At every turn of our national development we have been brought face to face with it, and no definition either of statesmen or of judges has ever quieted or decided it. It can not, indeed, be settled by the opinion of any one generation, because it is a question of growth, and every successive stage of our political and economic development gives it a new aspect, makes it a new question.

Today we are face to face with a development of this relationship between the Nation and the States which has been made at last acute

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by the constantly expanding growth of Federal power at the expense of the powers and duties reserved to the States.

Once the absorbing question was whether we were to be a Nation at all, whether the Federal powers were to be supreme within the Federal sphere, or whether the States could nullify them. The States were fearful for their existence, and their struggle was for State supremacy over the Federal Government in the Federal domain. John Marshall and the Civil War settled that. Now the struggle of the States is for quite a different thing. It is for State existence against Federal transgressions in the State domain.

The term State Rights today involves the right of the States to local self-government as against the tendency of the Federal Government to deprive them of it more and more and to centralize in the Federal Government more and more of the functions which constitutionally and traditionally belong to the States. It involves the right of the States to settle their home affairs at home, and not to be deprived of this right by the Federal Government or by the other States acting through the Federal Government.

THE issue this raises, as I see it, is whether Democracy and democratic government are to survive. I believe it is Democracy itself that is slowly but surely facing a crisis.

We are steadily moving to a conflict in which the issue will be very much more fundamental than whether this or that current contention is to prevail, or whether this or that party shall dispense the powers of office. Rights and liberties that are guaranteed to us by charter and tradition are being lost and sacrificed in the flux of events, and Democracy itself is being put to the test. My appeal is that we see our duty and our opportunity in this larger perspective.

This country is still a Democracy in the making; a Democracy that must fight for its existence. The conflict between Hamilton and Jefferson was not one of theories but of actualities, and in the fulness of time these same elemental actualities are confronting us again today.

SHALL this Nation be a Democracy in fact as well as in name? Shall we govern ourselves, or shall we be governed? Shall Democracy be a vital, working political actuality, or shall it be merely an academic theory?

Today the school of Hamilton is unquestionably in the ascendant. Centralization of power has proceeded at a pace that would have appalled even his most ardent followers.

Government not only regulates commerce on land and sea and sky as between the States; it regulates it intrinsically and within the States. It is itself in business as monopolist, competitor, and adventurer in a thousand lines: in manufacturing, banking, forestry, shipping, shipbuilding, aviation, irrigation, mining, warehousing, oil, power, etc. It undertakes to regulate, control, supplement, or stifle competition. It attempts to shape the course and spirit of almost every variety of human enterprise. It dictates as to private finance and commerce at home and

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abroad. It guides and influences directly and indirectly, through subsidies and advice and the magic of actual or supposed power, the internal life and processes of every State. It builds roads, supervises industry, regulates or controls rates, prices, wages, factory conditions, hours of labor, vocational and cultural education, the care of our infants and mothers, and our meat and drink.

With this comes a system of bureaucracy which always spells tyranny. The army of office-holders grows over five times as fast as the population, and our Government becomes steadily the most costly, wasteful, and extravagant on the face of the earth. And the end is not yet! There are still unexploited fields — child and adult labor, education, the producer, the merchandiser, the consumer, the press, the church. A live bureaucracy will be glad to bring them all under its jurisdiction. It may even be glad to encourage the popular impulse, always so easily aroused, for the "nationalization" of this, that, or the other, and for new forms of government ownership and fields of control.

WE ARE forgetting the example and the teaching of Grover Cleveland, who believed in a maximum of self-government, and held that the true ideals of liberty and Democracy can be attained only under a Government which grants the utmost autonomy to local political units. This, he thought, would mean cleaner politics, fewer bitter conflicts, less corruption, less bureaucracy, less centralization, less abuse of power and less tyranny. Political progress, he claimed, rests with the individual, and must be self-achieved; "an enlightened people can be trusted to govern themselves." He believed in the supremacy of the law, and in its honest enforcement with equal justice to all, rich and poor; but held that all laws should be kept down to an irreducible minimum, and that both men and nations have the inalienable right "to choose their own ways of life and obedience."

WHY lose faith in the State? Most of our great reforms and proposed changes in organic law to fit modern needs have been of State origin, and should be left to State control. If the political mind and ingenuity of one State conceives of this or that possible change, it can put it to the test of experiment and the others can copy. If they do not all copy or can not all agree, that is their right, and it should be respected. Not to respect it, and to force it on them through the medium of a central government, is a nullification of this right.

It is precisely here that unnecessary conflicts arise, like those involved in the Eighteenth Amendment and its attempted enforcement by the Federal Congress. One section or group of States undertakes to impose its views, its ideals, or its will upon other States. The call is made upon Government to pass and enforce laws which prove unenforceable where they do not have the sanction of "the people's consent." It is all well enough to charge the people of States which don't want such laws with "nullification," but the truth is that, if such laws prove an inevitable nullity in operation, it is because

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good people feel that their fundamental and inalienable rights of self-government have been nullified by the States which thus try by force to impose their will on unwilling sisters.

In such cases men feel that violence has been done to the spirit which created the Union, and the natural instinct to exercise the right and liberty to govern themselves in such matters again asserts itself, and the law fails. And every law that fails because good people will not respect it or obey it, is a bad law. You don't give it any special sanctity by putting it into the Constitution. People will feel that defiance of such a law is not an evidence of badness or of "nullification," but an assertion of freedom. Where people feel that they are governing themselves they will observe and enforce the laws of their own making.

Here lies the fatal defect of all laws of sumptuary interference, like Prohibition. Men's grievance against Prohibition is not that it restricts their drink, but that it restricts their liberty of decision. It invades a field in which men instinctively feel that their rights of self-government are sovereign. When the State tries to make my right and my wrong your right and your wrong, it violates this inalienable sovereignty and substitutes arbitrary government for self-government.

THERE is no reason to despair of Democracy politically if we look upon what it has done. Its record of accomplishment is too impressive. Why not recognize that it has made this great nation what it is; and that it has done more to free the spirit and the energies of men; more to protect religious freedom; more to establish the rights of women, of labor, of the poor; more to prevent social conflicts and stratifications; more to protect the rights of property and the security of acquisitions; and more for education, health, happiness, and the greatest good of the greatest number — than any other political power of all time?

WHY, therefore, lose faith in it? Why not concentrate our energies more on its political guidance and on strengthening all those domestic, self-governing possibilities that are inherent in it, instead of concentrating so vehemently on trying to mass power in a central government? In these days, when the individual is lost in the mass, you can rouse his political instincts only by localizing them. He can't be interested in a government too complicated to understand, and he won't be interested in political issues that seem too remote from his local interests.

Nor do I want to see the industry of the Nation become the victim of standardized bureaucracy, with all that means in cost and incompetence; or constantly look to Washington for aid and subsidies, and thus become not only over-favored, but also over-regulated and badgered by job-creating and jurisdiction-grabbing commissions and bureaus.

We should not be hostile to business or to big business. We have the right to ask that business look not to Government for special favors and privileges, that it leave the door of opportunity open for all to enter, and that the economies and efficiencies of big business inure in fair measure to the benefit of the consumer. Those

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things granted, business is as much entitled to grow big as it is to stay small, and Government should keep its hands off it and out of it as far as possible.

I refuse to believe that the intelligence of the country can not see that business prosperity must rest on a sounder basis than political favoritism or inspired guidance from Washington. Business should look to and trust the States and their people, as the sources from which its strength and safety spring, and as the arch and security of our governmental structure.

I have no fears about our ultimate prosperity, but I would like to see it with less concentrated power to make it or break it. If our prosperity is to be maintained or revived, this will not be because of burdensome or discriminatory tariffs, or multi-billion dollar budgets, or governmental benedictions, or all the inspired wisdom which is now being handed out by some four million office holders.

With our unlimited natural resources, a hundred million workers filled with the spirit of enterprise and initiative will assure prosperity, if you but make them feel that they have equality of opportunity and free play for their free energies in a free country.

So I would keep the democratic units of our Government — State, city and county — strong, and thus keep the spirit of Democracy alive. I know of no way of doing this except by protecting the rights of the individual as he has defined them in his various charters of liberty and as he guarded them by his system of Constitutional limitations. And this means above all that you must let him have that measure of local self-government which the Tenth Amendment promises him.

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Today's Confessionals

By Mary Day Winn

Who Listens?

When a kettle begins to boil, there must be some outlet for the steam; otherwise the consequences are apt to be lively.

American life today is in a state of continual agitation; there is a ferment of growth, a twitter of learning new things, a turmoil of emotional outpouring.

For all this we must have escape valves, especially as many of us think we have learned from psychoanalysis the terrible consequences that sometimes follow keeping anything to oneself. "Tell it to somebody" has therefore become one of our national slogans. The man who has found his secretary more diverting than his wife; the wife who knows it and has been doing a little experimenting of her own; the daughter who has taken one joy ride too many; the son who believed in a "hot tip" — all these look round for a sympathetic ear (preferably that of a total stranger) and insist upon confessing. They have read somewhere that if they conceal anything, the Twentieth Century bogie man, "Inhibition," will surely get them.

Our Puritan forbears regarded restraint and the masking of emotions as one of the first duties of a Christian; their unlawful desires were confided to no one but their God and an occasional diary. Today, we are baring our souls by air post, 'phone and radio to anybody who will listen; and frequently paying thousands of dollars for the privilege. Even when we aren't exposing our sins in so many words, we are revealing them, in every unconscious look and gesture, to a host of professional and amateur psychoanalysts.

It is significant that the modern passion for telling all was started, or at least accelerated, by a woman, for soul-outpouring is largely a feminine recreation. This momentous person was an early patient of Dr. Freud, who was practising at that time in Vienna. The great father confessor of the Twentieth Century had not as yet formulated his theories of the subconscious, but was working on the idea, learned from other neurologists in Paris, that certain kinds of nervous patients could be questioned, while hypno-

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tized, about the causes of some of their symptoms more successfully than while they were in the waking state, and that these symptoms could later be treated by suggestion.

One day a woman of this type came in to consult Dr. Freud. As a preliminary to the treatment, she was asked to tell him what her troubles were. She did. She told him with gusto and in exhausting detail. When her time was up, she had not finished. Nor did she finish in the next talking session, nor in the next. When she finally did come to the end of the tale, her symptoms had vanished, without the help of hypnotism or any other recognized remedial measures; apparently the confessing had itself cured her.

THE principles of the cure, as finally developed into the modern theories of psychoanalysis, are of course a good deal more complicated than I have suggested in the above story, but the basic fact remains that the Freudian system owes its inception to a garrulous woman's relief when she was allowed to pour her troubles, *ad lib.*, into a sympathetic ear.

Today ears are just as sympathetic, but usually much more costly. Confessing to a psychoanalyst usually means an outpouring of money as steady as the outpouring of confidences, with no returning financial compensation unless the patient happens to be a fiction writer or column conductor. These two classes of people have discovered that one of the quickest ways to get new plots is to go to a psychiatrist and let him dig forgotten nuggets of experience out of their subconsciousness, nuggets which later appear, molded and refined, as prize-winning fiction.

This form of ventilating the emotions has also other drawbacks, aside from the pecuniary strain. The husband who sends his wife to lie on a sofa in a pleasantly shaded room and tell her innermost thoughts, hour after hour, to a sympathetic listener of the masculine gender, has been known to discover that by the time the "cure" was accomplished he had a different and even greater problem awaiting his solution. For it is part of the Freudian technique that the patient, to derive any benefit from her soul-searching, must temporarily fix her affections on the medical confessor, who — as the psychoanalytical gentlemen carefully explain — becomes for the time being a "father substitute."

When the treatment is over, the doctor faces the necessity for "transference," which is a protectively colorless term for the interesting and delicate undertaking of shifting the lady's affections back to where they legally belong.

"TRANSFERENCE" is the subject of much discussion *in camera* when psychiatrists get together, though the privately admitted difficulties are dwelt on as little as possible in the public press. One unmarried analyst explained to us, in an expansive moment, that his method was to keep the photograph of a very beautiful woman on his office desk. When his feminine patients reached the stage of bringing him little cakes made with their own hands, he would look at the picture and drop a casual reference to "my wife." Competition with the beauti-

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ful original was so obviously impossible that "transference" was accomplished almost at once. (This story is offered the reader at his own risk. Together with the whole problem of transference, the incident throws considerable light on the early decision of the Roman Catholic Church that its priests had better be protected by vows of eternal celibacy.)

FOR the man and the woman, especially the woman, who must unburden her soul and doesn't find it convenient to do so to a psychiatrist or a priest, American life today provides many other outlets. Really thrifty hearts sob out their stories on the shoulders of one or another of the confession magazines, at two to five cents per word. The growth and popularity of these periodicals, one of which has a circulation of over two million, proves that they meet a genuine need. They are escape valves not only for those who write the stories, but for those who read them, identify the experiences as similar to their own, and therefore have the thrill of vicarious confession. In a double sense these magazines are substitutes for priest and preacher. The editor of the most popular one explains that he never prints a life experience in which vice has triumphed — or, to be more exact, in which it has brought ultimate happiness. This means for the readers a confirmation, in life episodes recognizable as similar to their own, of popular standards of right and wrong. On the first of every month, from January to December, they are thus strengthened in their hope that it pays to be good.

From another group of father-mother confessors the public may also get assurance that its destinies are ordered from on high. Every year hundreds of thousands of men and women, seeking guidance through the maze of life, tell their secrets to mediums and to the priestesses of cards, palms, crystal balls, stars and tea leaves. According to a survey and estimates recently made by John Mulholland, Vice-President of the Society of American Magicians, hard-boiled New York pays to these latter day prophets $25,000,000 a year. Half of this sum the people part with for the privilege of revealing their innermost thoughts to the fortune tellers and hearing those thoughts repeated back to them; the other $12,000,000 they pay for charms, and as blackmail to keep the facts thus indiscreetly confessed from being passed along to inconvenient ears.

THE dictionary describes astrology as a "pseudo-science." New York police have been willing to discard the word "pseudo" in this definition and accept the word "science." So the high priestesses of the stars flourish mightily in our most sophisticated city. Evangeline Adams, chief of the cult, has been chumming with Venus and Mars for thirty years, and in that time more than 100,000 men and women have poured their stories into her ear. Recently she has joined a number of other astrologers in fortune-telling over the radio, followed by an invitation to her listeners to unburden their souls by the next mail. They do so, enthusiastically. Long distance confessions frequently accumulate for her and the other astral seeresses at the rate of a thousand a day.

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People go to fortune-tellers for the ostensible purpose of learning what fate has in store for them. But in the case of women, at least, this is not the real motive, if we may trust Miss Adams's many years of intimate observation.

"Women come to me," she says, "for many reasons. Some practical. Some sentimental. But as the years go by I am convinced that most of them come to pour out their souls. Women should take stock of their souls every once in a while, just as men take stock of their businesses. A woman's soul should be her business. And it isn't so easy to find someone who will sit down with you for half an hour and discuss it."

Indeed it isn't, especially if you happen to live a distressingly long distance from seer or psychiatrist and your family just isn't interested. To meet this emergency the department editors and the columnists were born. Anyone who has the price of a two-cent stamp (or, at a pinch, a postcard) can drain off her secret sins into the catch-all of an agony column, to her own vast relief and to the even vaster pecuniary advantage of the column conductor, one of whom received last year, as her share of the syndicate sales, eighty-four thousand dollars. The intimacy of the revelations which men and women, but especially women, are making literally by the thousands every day to editors, is unbelievable to anyone who has not sat behind the desk of one of these modern confessionals. And the writers are by no means limited to the uneducated classes; letters come on crested paper as well as on five cent pads.

"I am writing to you," says a note from a daughter of English nobility, "to find out why I am not more attractive to men. I am twenty-nine years old and no man has ever made love to me, though I do not think I would be considered unattractive." (An obviously honest attempt to describe herself follows.) "Many men come to our house, for we entertain a great deal, but they all flock around my mother." (Here a description of mother is inserted.) "I am very unhappy and do not know what to do about it. Can you tell me what is the matter?"

From a study of this letter, the beauty editor to whom it has been sent guesses that the English girl is of the comradely, outdoors type, and is making herself ridiculous in an effort to imitate her mother, who is of the parlor sofa, teagown variety. She writes the troubled one to this effect, advising her to be herself, instead of trying to become a poor copy of her mother. A year later the editor receives an invitation to the girl's wedding, with the words "Thank you" written at the bottom. This is a true story.

Today's confessionals differ from those of a former time in their almost complete lack of secrecy, or even apparently of any special desire for it. The erring lady of a less sophisticated age crept timidly into a curtained enclosure and retailed her peccadilloes to an unseen ear on the other side of a grille. The modern woman sells her indiscretions, recounted in detail and with an eye on the talkie rights, to the publisher who will pay the largest royalties; or if she is a poet she puts them into

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delicately suggestive sonnets which are read aloud before the more liberal women's clubs or recited at a Soul Song Salon in Greenwich Village. If she is one of the followers of Dr. Frank Buchman, Soul Surgeon, she turns the confession into a social event by attending one of his house parties, where the guests come together in a "sharing hour" and confide to each other every amatory sin they have already committed and others that they have simply contemplated committing (and are probably still holding in reserve).

As might have been expected, the modern woman's weakness for telling all has been studied with tender care by efficiency experts, and utilized by up-to-date corporations who want to reduce their labor turnover by keeping their women employees contented. A short while ago the Western Electric Company of Chicago selected six of its girl workers (probably without their knowledge) and for two and a half years checked their work under varying conditions. It was found that their output reached its maximum when they had a supervisor who also acted as "listener," by whom they were encouraged to discuss their little troubles and pour out their confidences. This clever discovery led to an entire revision of the company's methods of training the supervisors of its 40,000 feminine employees. In dealing with women, the hard-boiled boss has been supplanted by the sympathetic listener.

It is perhaps clear that, what with one thing and another, the soul stuff of the modern woman is spread out almost as conspicuously to the public gaze as tenement laundry. This being the case, there is no reason why we should not take a look.

When we do, a few interesting facts stand out.

The most significant is what one beauty editor has termed the "passionate friendships of the middle-aged." For a long time this aider and abettor of the cosmic urge has received a monthly mail of around 5,000 letters. She has studied from the inside the changing pattern of woman's emotional life. She has noted that in the last ten years proportionately more middle-aged women have written to her for advice than ever before, and that the percentage of the gay old girls is still rising. The letters from plaintive young wives seeking help in holding their legal loves have dwindled and dwindled; the letters from actual and would-be adventuresses on the wintry side of fifty have steadily increased.

This editor's observations are corroborated by those of other modern confessors, notably the most famous of them all, "Beatrice Fairfax." This lodestar for troubled hearts, whose mail sometimes rose as high as 800 missives a day, turned off her light and closed her column in 1925 because her letters from young people, for whom the department was originally planned, had practically stopped. During the seven years when the column was conducted by Lillian Lauferté, the average age of those who wrote to her for advice had been growing steadily older.

If we may believe what the modern women say about themselves, many of them are entering a second

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adolescence between the ages of forty and fifty. The first gray hair is apparently no longer the signal that its owner is through with romance; on the contrary, it often means that she is just getting a fresh start. The domestic felicities of Penelope and Cornelia seem to have lost their popular appeal; as boudoir reading, they have been replaced by *The Life of Isadora Duncan*, *Ex-Wife*, *The President's Daughter*, and similar accounts of excursions beyond the pasture bars.

MODERN confessors agree that the open gate which has admitted to these greener fields is frequently a business career and the economic independence which goes with it. Equally important is the fact that the woman in business meets Man on a different and in many ways a more honest footing than when the relationship was purely social. She gets an eight-hours-a-day picture of him, and for this reason has a more sympathetic understanding of his moods. Also, she is thrown with a more worth-while type of man, and frequently looks down with considerable pity on the débutante and her following of dancing partners.

That the débutante herself is conscious of the disadvantage she is laboring under and is doing her best to remedy it, is evident on every hand. It is not just a desire to be useful which has brought about the recent invasion of business by the younger feminine residents of Park Avenue and Sutton Place; which has led the Junior League to establish an Employment Bureau for its members, and has put daughters of wealth behind store counters and set them to pounding typewriter keys. Men are being hunted in their natural habitats, and the modern Dianas are interested in Big Game. In their determination to get their quarry, they are leaving no strategy untried and scorning no aid. They are even calling on Venus and her brother planets for help. This fact has helped to build up the flourishing businesses of the country's numerous astrologers, to whom an increasing number of society girls are coming for astral guidance in choosing a business career, with — as they freely state — matrimonial intentions. This peaceful but purposeful invasion of masculine territory is also one of the reasons for the mushroom growth of the cosmetic industry, and helps to explain the modern college graduate's aversion for teaching, aptly described as "pedagogical celibacy."

THE readiness of the modern woman to take the world into her confidence; to reveal thoughts, desires, aims and emotions which her Victorian grandmother — though possessing them — would never have admitted, is part of her general casting off of old reticences and restrictions of every kind. Once the idea of discarding clothes was well started, women discarded them with an abandon which turned the textile industry pale with horror; how far the enthusiasm for soul exposure will go, no one can say. It is repugnant to the aristocratic ideals of restraint that guided an earlier generation, but it has the modern virtue of frankness, and it should free men of that old complaint that they never could understand woman.

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Publicity Chiefs

By Oliver McKee, Jr.

Who Creates Our Political Prejudices?

A year and a half ago, or so, the corps of Washington correspondents bade a professional farewell to Charles Michelson, for twelve years head of the Washington bureau of *The New York World*. It was a professional farewell only, for Michelson had been hired as publicity director of the Democratic National Committee, with headquarters in Washington. He was quitting the "newspaper game" for something better, in coin of the realm, for as super-director of Democratic publicity he now draws probably twice what *The World* was paying him as its chief Washington correspondent.

Other newspapermen have turned from journalism to politics, so the drafting of Charlie Michelson by no means blazed a new trail. It was so natural, indeed, that when the Republican National Committee chose a newspaper man, James L. West, as its publicity director a few months later, no one was surprised. The choice of the Republican Committee also fell upon a veteran political reporter who had a broad acquaintance with politicians, and was wise in his knowledge of their ways.

A political contest in our great American democracy may be waged in many ways, but there is always in it a battle of propaganda. Both parties need experts in popular psychology, who know how to play upon the emotions, prejudices, and economic interests of the voter. Each party hopes to out-manœuvre, out-guess, and out-wit the other.

Apathy and indifference are natural to the voter in his normal state; and if elections are to be won, he must be aroused from his apathy and made to think on public issues; and if his interest can not be aroused in any other way, issues must be created which will stir him to action. It is to quicken and maintain that interest that the propaganda mills of the two major parties are geared up to their maximum pitch of efficiency in the months preceding a national election. Trained newspaper men are an essential part of the mechanism of propaganda.

Head of *The World* bureau for many years, with long experience as a reporter and editorial writer back of that, a clever phrase maker, boasting a wide acquaintance among

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Democratic chieftains to boot, Michelson was really selected for the job by John J. Raskob, the National Democratic chairman. Raskob had previously taken a liking to him, and felt that with a decade of anti-Republican dispatches from Washington behind him, he was just the sort of person to handle Democratic publicity. Like other Titans of American business who see a man they want, Raskob lost no time in "talking turkey."

COMPARATIVELY speaking, the Democratic National Committee is poor; it ended the disastrous campaign of 1928 with a deficit of $500,000, and the flow of funds into its treasury since then has been anything but a golden stream. A millionaire many times over, the Midas of General Motors, Raskob was quite able to assure the Committee that they need not worry about Michelson's salary. For with him, politics is as much a hobby as yacht racing is to Sir Thomas Lipton, and a rich man never economizes on his hobby. After the 1928 débâcle, he saw that the Democratic party, as a national organization, would have to start again from scratch. If it was ever to amount to anything in the future, it could do so only through a campaign of national advertising; so Michelson was given the job of laying down the preliminary barrages of publicity.

Though Michelson is Raskob's man, the latter neither butts in nor cripples him with instructions. Like most successful business executives, once he has picked his subordinate, he gives him a pretty free rein. He dines his publicity director when he comes to New York, and will drop in at the office during the rare occasions when the national chairman puts in an appearance in Democratic national headquarters in Washington. On the whole, however, Raskob keeps out of the way. There are no fetters to bind Michelson down, nor any cramping of his style from the outside.

The new director donned his publicity harness at a moment when the Democratic party lay prostrate under the staggering defeat which Alfred E. Smith and Joseph Robinson suffered in 1928. The party was disorganized, the leaders dispirited, Rum and Romanism had split it into two snarling camps, and only an occasional optimist thought of the future. One of these was Raskob. The man who had built up General Motors felt that with proper publicity, the country could be made to feel that the Democratic party was something more than a corpse.

TWO things played into Michelson's hands at the outset. He admits his good fortune, frankly. The first stroke of luck was the stock market crash, soon after Mr. Hoover, prophet of prosperity, had taken over the reins of the Administration. The "Hoover panic," as Michelson calls it, in one of his neat phrases. The tariff provided the second lucky deal. American history tells us pretty plainly that a President who tackles the revision of the tariff is apt to have a hornet's nest on his hands. It was in the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill, for example, that William Howard Taft met his Nemesis. A general revision of the tariff rates, such as contemplated in the Smoot-Hawley

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tariff bill, inevitably produces some "sore points" in the body economic. There are increases in the cost of some commodities, certain manufacturing industries or groups have grievances, and during the long months that the tariff bill is being kicked around the Congressional football field, a feeling of uncertainty grips the business world. It has been Michelson's business to make the most of these sore points, to capitalize the grievances of every economic group. It was just the sort of job he enjoys; he can coin phrases, indulge in invectives, and dwell on the inequities of the tariff to his heart's content. Just as in ancient Rome the saying *Carthago delenda est* was reverberated through the Forum and the market places, so "Tariff, Tariff, Tariff," is the theme hammered upon by Democratic leaders in statement after statement issued from the publicity bureau of the National Committee.

As a further advantage, Michelson was on the job early, in his headquarters just under the National Press Club, convenient to the office of nearly every Washington correspondent. The Republican National Committee had not yet employed its super-expert; the size of the Hoover landslide in 1928 perhaps made them feel that for the time being they needed no more publicity. The Democratic press director, on the other hand, had plenty of time leisurely to work out his plans and programmes. What was the result? The Hoover ship of state had really not got thoroughly shaken down on its voyage before the enemy machine guns and artillery had picked their targets, and had begun to register on them.

Michelson's methods are simple enough. He applies his news training to his work, and functions much as any competent news editor would do. He takes a topic in the news of the day, or one is suggested to him. Reading carefully the proceedings in Congress, and examining the speeches of Republican leaders, or spokesmen for the Administration, he finds what he thinks will be an opening.

He thus proceeds to one of his Congressional Democratic friends, and says, perhaps to Senator Harrison of Mississippi: "Pat, here is a good opportunity for a statement. George Moses has gotten off on the wrong foot again. What do you think of this?" He whips out a memorandum, sketching the points to be made, gets Harrison's O.K., and in a few hours, special messenger boys are delivering to the offices of Washington correspondents the Mississippi Senator's latest blast on the Republican Administration. The name on the statement may be Harrison, Tom Walsh, or Jack Garner, but the wording and the phraseology, the kick and the punch, are Michelson's, exhibiting the tricks in the writer's trade which he learned as an editorial writer for Hearst and as Washington correspondent for one of the most partisan Democratic journals in the United States.

A visitor to Congress while Congress is in session will often see Michelson in conference with a Democratic Senator in the President's room, the usual place for trysts between a Senator and the newspaper "boys." The cynical may

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say, "Well, I guess he is homesick for his old hunting grounds, after all. Running publicity is perhaps not what it was cracked up to be." The cynic in this case errs. For Michelson does much of his work during the almost daily visits he makes to Capitol Hill when Congress is in session. For here it is that he meets the Democratic Senators and Congressmen who are in the front line of the battle front, makes soundings of the political currents under the surface, and obtains many of the ideas which form the basis for the later statements issued by the Democratic National Committee. Just as does the news editor of a paper, he senses the news trends of the hour, and by anticipating what people will be interested in tomorrow, provides them with it, when that day comes.

IN TAKING over his job, Michelson promised his former colleagues that their papers would have to print a good deal of what he turned out because of its news value, if for no other reason. Every one who has ever sat in an editorial chair, or in the office of a Washington correspondent, knows what vast masses of propaganda and publicity material are thrown into the waste paper basket. Why? Merely because it has no news value; that is, has no relationship with the march of current events. Without a news significance, publicity material seldom gets further than the waste paper basket. Twelve years of reading Washington handouts made Michelson realize that unless he put a news punch in his stuff, Mr. Raskob would be greatly over-paying him. And it is the news punch that he has had his eye upon.

It is through such methods as these that he has livened up the tariff. Take, for example the case of the hypothetical bridegroom, whose plight it was given to that chief pin-pricker of Republicans, Thaddeus A. Caraway, of Arkansas, to describe. The story of the bridegroom can be briefly told. With $5,000 a year, he was all prepared to take his lady love to the altar, when, lo and behold, Smoot and Hawley put forward their tariff bill, with the result that what he has paid $5,000 a year for, will cost him $6,000, and so he can't get married after all. A Jeffersonian disquisition on the tariff is too academic in this day and generation. Michelson prefers to dramatize the tariff, make it a current issue, and bring it home to the man in the street, in dollars and cents. What if the man in the street happens to use his mind a bit and suggests that the tariff bill could not have been enacted into law without five Democratic votes? The answer is simple enough. The Republicans had traded the votes of these five for something else, and the Democratic party can not be held responsible for the votes of its erring brethren.

THE Democratic publicity bureau does more than deliver its news releases to the offices of Washington correspondents. It finds time to flood the country dailies and the weekly press with its printed propaganda, and sends out a weekly clip sheet to fill to overflowing the measure of its generosity. Michelson, furthermore, will offer every now and again an editorial "suggestion" for the benefit

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of the weekly and country press. This is merely a euphemistic way of saying that it is an editorial written in Democratic National headquarters, reflecting the point of view of the national organization and strongly partisan as are the papers which receive it. Obviously, the papers to which it is sent are free to print the editorial suggestion *in toto* or in part. Any editorial writer can appreciate what a boon it is to receive in the morning mail an editorial contribution of this kind, all ready to be sent to the printer. How much labor is saved thereby, and how much mental and nervous strain! As a former editorial writer, Michelson knows that such craftsmen are an expensive luxury for some of the smaller papers to maintain, so with the facilities placed at his disposal by Mr. Raskob, he is doing what he can to save the Democratic press of the country from the necessity of spending too much on their editorial staffs, by applying the chain store method to the production of editorials and editorial ideas.

THAT Michelson has been able up to date to do a more effective piece of work with the Democratic publicity bureau than his opponents, is generally admitted by impartial observers of the national political scene. That, however, is not the fault of James L. West, the Republican director. It is due rather to the conditions under which he has had to operate. It is always easier to oppose and criticize than to defend, just as the job of a correspondent in Washington for an anti-Administration paper is easier than that of a pro-Administration journalist. Half the fun of writing is to stir up trouble. Michelson has everything to gain and nothing to lose. He has almost a free hand, while West, the big gun in publicity of the Republicans, must watch several masters. Nor is the difference in effectiveness due to more ample financial resources. The Republicans have no Raskob, but they ended the campaign with a quarter of a million dollars surplus, and if we deduct Michelson's salary, probably have as much to spend on publicity as the Democrats.

NOT only did West start late — he was not appointed until months after Michelson was entrenched and in action — but he has had to contend with an organization split into factions, and with its chief, Claudius H. Huston, under fire. Surrounded by such forces, he has had a hard and up-hill road to travel. West has faced still another limitation; the White House. A President is always considered the head of his party, as well as Chief Executive. What the Republican National Committee says, therefore, or the statements which it issues, must be more or less in accord with the White House programme and its views. They must have dignity, but dignity does not always have a news value. Language which the opposition, out of office, and with no responsibility, can employ, might not be in keeping with the Republican National Committee while that party is in power, and with its candidate in the White House. West and other officials of the Committee are in frequent consultation with the White House, and if the liaison between the Barr Building and the Executive Offices was not of the

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best during the days when spokesmen for President Hoover were dropping hints that they expected Huston's resignation, now that Mr. Huston has retired from the picture, we may expect to see a closer touch between the two.

A FORMER Associated Press staff correspondent, a man who had covered the White House, the Senate and National politics, West has won his way into confidence of the leading Republican stalwarts. If the Pennsylvania Railroad starts an eighteen-hour flyer to Chicago, the New York Central invariably follows suit; and by the same token, the Republican National Committee could not afford to let Michelson stay on the job indefinitely without trying to meet him with his own weapons. The National Committee, of course, always has a publicity department, but since election day in 1928, it had been operating under reduced pressure. It had no super-expert to direct a national campaign in defense of the Republican party and its candidates. After casting about the field of availabilities for some time, and after giving consideration to a number of experienced newspaper men, its choice fell on "Jim" West, one of the top-notchers of the A. P. Washington service. West was made director of publicity, with functions broadly parallel with those which Raskob had placed upon the experienced shoulders of Charlie Michelson.

West operates his bureau in much the same way. He visits Congress when that body is in session, and arranges for statements on current events from the big men of the Republican party in both Houses. Watson and Tilson, for example, will review the work of Congress, and tell the people of the country that the promises of the Hoover Administration have been fulfilled. The new chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, Temple of Pennsylvania, will outline the foreign policy of the Administration and make it a gilded achievement. While Michelson has been riddling the tariff and proclaiming to the American people its inequities through his statements signed by Democratic notables, West has put a soft pedal on the tariff, though occasionally it has been defended in his broadsides. Reflecting no doubt the view of the leaders of his party, he believes apparently that it may be just as well to delay a defense of the tariff until enough time has elapsed to see just how the new legislation actually will work out in practice. A good many Republicans, particularly those from the West, are still kicking over the traces, and this helps to explain why, in the interests of party harmony, the National Committee is not yet ready to concentrate its verbal artillery on a defense of the tariff.

WEST and his staff have begun a weekly clip sheet which goes out to an ever-widening group of Republican country newspapers. This clip sheet contains extracts from notable Republican speeches, as well as a good deal of material, not strictly political, setting forth the doings of the various Government departments and bureaus. Both committees set great store by the weekly papers. It is easy to see why. There

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are about 2,500 daily newspapers in the country, and most of these either have their own correspondents in Washington or have the wire services of the Associated, Universal or United Press. The country weeklies, over twelve thousand in number, have no Washington correspondents, nor do they get material from the regular press services except in rehash. Both committees, therefore, aim to provide weeklies of their party with a vast amount of material, which they can print gratis. The two parties indeed have as an auxiliary function the distribution of news items by wholesale to papers that supply the news requirements on a large bloc of voters. There is another reason why the political strategists in both parties hold the country weeklies in so high regard. The millions of Americans either live in or come from small towns, and read their home weekly, from beginning to end, wherever they may happen to be.

WHAT the editorial of the home weekly says means more to them, and probably has a greater influence, than that in *The Chicago Tribune* or *The New York Times*. Realizing the influence of the country press on its readers, both parties aim to give a generous supply of political news, appropriately flavored, to the Republican or Democratic weeklies, as the case may be. West, however, has yet to prepare "editorial" suggestions for the benefit of the editors of the Republican weeklies. He has a greater confidence in the ability of Republican papers to write their own editorials, it would seem, than his opponent down in the National Press building.

Newspaper men have been in politics before. Many have gone from the ranks of the working members of the craft to high executive posts. John Callan O'Laughlin, for example, one of the Roosevelt crowd, became Assistant Secretary of State, and Bob Armstrong, of *The Los Angeles Examiner*, served for a time as assistant secretary of the Treasury, as did the late Louis Coolidge of Boston, for some years a reporter in Washington for a Boston newspaper. His close relationships with public men not unfrequently bring to a newspaper man an offer of high executive office.

THE journalist, too, has often been sought after in political campaigns. Leroy Vernon, of *The Chicago News*, managed publicity for William Howard Taft in the 1912 campaign, and James T. Williams, Jr., later editor of *The Boston Evening Transcript*, was also associated with Taft, in 1908, and later was made Civil Service Commissioner. Many other cases could be cited. A public man, indeed, often seems to feel a little safer and more sure of himself, even if he is an old-timer, if in his outer office there stands on guard a newspaper man who knows the ropes, understands the dangers of false publicity, as well as the advantages of publicity of the right kind; and, what is most important of all, has the newspaperman's knack of following the shifts and changes in public opinion, the force which can knock a public man off his pedestal as easily as it can set him up upon it.

Of the four men in President

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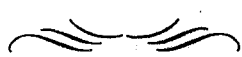
Hoover's secretariat, three have had newspaper experience. George Akerson, contact secretary, and conveyer to the press of the country of the official White House slant on all developments of the day, was for years a Washington correspondent and later Managing Editor of *The Minneapolis Journal*, and it was as a working newspaperman that he first caught the future President's eye. French Strother, research secretary, the man who helps gather the material for many of the President's public utterances, is a former associate editor of *World's Work*, and prior to that had many years of reportorial experience. Lawrence Richey, Mr. Hoover's confidential man, and closest to the Chief perhaps of all the four, is a former secret service agent and was for many years afterward a newspaper and magazine writer. Walter Newton, the fourth member of the White House secretariat, never worked under the orders of a city editor, so far as his official biography discloses, yet he was a Member of Congress long enough to give him a practical knowledge of the value of publicity, and the tricks of the trade.

The glitter and dazzle of power have driven many a young man into journalism. His pen, or his typewriter, will open up to him in his boyish dreams, the keys of great power. As *World* correspondent, Michelson's dispatches were read by three or four hundred thousand people, and his "Washington Undertow," by syndication, went out to a dozen or more papers. No longer does he write under his own name, but what he puts out goes to thousands of papers and furnishes the tone if not the text of editorial comment in many of them. As an Associated Press reporter, West's dispatches, chronicles of facts in the main, were distributed widely through the country. Today, he controls the publicity machine of the Republican party, has access to the inner seats of power, and helps to decide how the weapons of propaganda can best be used. Even George Akerson, though he never writes a line, can determine by a few verbal hints the tone and the slant of much of the comment on national affairs that speeds over the wires from Washington every day. If it is power that the young journalist wants, let him by all means consider the field of publicity.



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Spying on the Reds

By Howard McLellan

Elihu Root's proposal that a Federal police be established to combat Red activities in the United States failed to arouse the favorable enthusiasm usually evoked by the sage counsel which Mr. Root has offered on other knotty problems of statecraft; probably because it was misinterpreted to an extreme which its author never intended. Almost unanimously the press scolded the elder statesman for projecting such an un-American idea, while the Congressional committee investigating Red activities quietly tucked away the proposal for further consideration.

There were many reasons why the proposal did not take. Aside from a democratic aversion to European systems of political and industrial espionage, the country is already well policed. The Federal Government maintains eleven detective services, and municipal and State police departments are larger and costlier than anyone a decade and a half ago dreamed they would be. With the cost of combatting crime approaching the cost of education, the added expense of a secret political police which, like all secret services of a political nature, would devour vast sums for unexplained purposes, was not, at that particular time, a relishable tidbit to set before the taxpayers.

Another argument, more formidable but known to only a few, may be set against Mr. Root's proposal. Why establish a secret police to protect America from the machinations of Moscow when there already exists an elaborate but unofficial secret police which is doing precisely the same thing that a Federal under cover police would do?

Much publicity has been given to the American industrial system, but it has discreetly avoided reference to a vast secret service organization which quietly serves industry in the form of an army of thousands of obscure, sharp-eyed toiler-spies, who for $4 a day secretly guard the internal and external security of great plants and industrial centres.

Although concerned chiefly with maintaining industrial peace, this army does all it can to fight off the Communistic chimera. If little is heard about its operations, that is because espionage, when its secret agents are exposed, becomes dis-

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astrous not only to the agents whose bodily welfare is involved but also to the private detective business which supplies the agents at good profit and goes to considerable and sometimes questionable lengths to frighten hard-headed industrialists and promote prosperity in the private sleuthing industry. The art of making much out of little is peculiar to detective agencies. The stagecraft they employ to invert the natural law of perspective compares favorably with the master tricks of the best illusionists.

THE late Samuel Gompers, "grand old man of union labor," was often used to provide both figure and setting for the illusion. Probably no man in the public eye was more continuously and closely shadowed than he, especially after it became apparent in 1911 that the destruction of *The Los Angeles Times* building by dynamite was the fruit of a plot among a few direct action labor leaders to silence that outspoken and belligerent organ of the open shop. During one period of the Gompers surveillance I saw much of him, from the rear.

He was an outstanding example of what private detectives please to call a "soft shadow." He was both an agreeable and an easy "subject" to follow, although, for a long time, it was not apparent why he was being shadowed so closely and consistently. My duty, in the jargon of the shadow world, was to " get him up in the morning and put him to bed at night" without, of course, letting him know he was being given that assistance. My reports of his every observed movement and contact were sent daily to a client who was paying $15 a day and expenses to a detective agency for my services.

It was an interesting assignment. I saw much of the country at another's expense and a great deal of the grizzled old labor leader, discovering, incidentally, that while it is impossible for a "shadow" to keep constant track of his subject's person, he may often watch him through the medium of his habits. Gompers had an inordinate attachment to an umbrella of the "bumbershoot" type. It was green from long exposure to nature's elements and large enough, in full bloom, to cover eight men huddled close together. He also had a snore, a deep bass dissonance, which at times had its musical moments.

With his umbrella he did what most umbrella carriers do. He frequently forgot where he had placed it. This helped me tremendously. If Gompers dodged out of my sight into an office, hotel room or meeting hall, and I lost him, it was necessary only to look in various corners, find the umbrella and wait for him to come back to it. He always did that, just as an inveterate pipe-smoker returns to his favorite and fragrant old tobacco burner.

ONE morning Gompers embarked on a steamer at Portland, Oregon, leaving me behind in my hotel with no knowledge as to where he had gone. But I spotted his umbrella standing in a corner near the hotel desk where he had left it while he paid his bill. He came puffing into the hotel and picked it up, and I picked him up, following him to the steamer which he had held up an hour to

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make search for his missing rain protector.

Another time, in San Francisco, he managed to elude me. I learned after several hours' nervous search that he had departed for the train depot across the bay. When I reached the station three night trains were about to depart. Which one Gompers had taken I did not know. I boarded the train on the first track which I came to. The Pullman berths were all made up. The passengers were safe behind thick green curtains. I went through the first Pullman, hoping I might see the umbrella. It was not in evidence. But, in the second car, I heard deep bass sounds which gave off a dirgeful melody like *The Song of the Boatmen of the Volga*. It was Gompers's snore.

In all the time I shadowed Gompers I do not believe that he knew he was being stalked. He wore thick-lensed glasses. He had painfully weak eyes, due, it has been said, to the long hours he had spent in his youth at a cigar maker's bench. Even had he discovered his "shadow" I doubt whether it would have mattered. He had been "tailed" off and on for years.

IN THOSE times the friction between union labor and exponents of the open shop was at white heat. The approach of Gompers to an industrial centre was construed by nervous and war worn employers to presage the outbreak of fresh labor hostilities and the beginning of a disastrous season of unrest among the workers. Thus a detective's report that the belligerent and tireless "grand old man of union labor" was on his way to a given industrial centre was viewed with alarm by the industrialists of that centre and followed by feverish activity in the executive offices of the various plants. As soon as possible industrial operatives, who are the real hard working elements in a detective agency, were called into the plants to observe what effect, if any, Gompers's visit would have upon the workers. So the shadowing of Gompers was productive of employment at $8 a day for many hundreds of industrial "ops."

THE labor leader tarried in each centre only one or two days and then moved on. But, in the interest of protracted employment of the operatives, the fear of impending labor troubles was kept alive in the industrialists' minds by means of "Secret and Confidential Reports" laid upon their desks once or twice a week. As near as my memory serves me, this is a copy of a typical report of this character:

Chicago, May 12

To All Industrial Service Clients

Informant G-262 Reports:

At a secret meeting of the International Sheet Steel Workers Union a strike was voted for all members employed in the Pacific States. It will be called on the first of the month. The union reports a war chest of $40,000 and its agents in various plants are busy organizing.

Informant C-41 Reports:

He attended a secret meeting of Federation in Olympia on the 8th inst. when it was voted to accept support of the I.W.W. The I.W.W. is sending out agitators daily to strike centres.

Industrialists who received these reports paid the agencies which sent them out from $25 to $50 weekly, the rate being based upon the number of workers in a client's plant. The contents of the reports, particu-

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larly when they mentioned the much feared Industrial Workers of the World, were not conducive to peace of mind. In the face of such alarming news the industrialists would cling tenaciously to the army of "ops" already in his plant, or double the number.

Still, at the cost of a few cents he might have gleaned from papers in nearby cities the same information that came to him in the "Secret and Confidential Reports" from unnamed informants. Newspapers published it all. But coming to the employer under the cover of strictest secrecy, and from spies supposed to be planted in the unions, the information carried the weight of inside authenticity. Between shadows' reports of Gompers's travels and speeches, and the follow-up reports from supposedly inside informants, hundreds of thousands of dollars were coaxed from industrialists' pockets by some detective agencies whose reports showed the factories untouched by strike or unrest.

WHILE today divorce investigations furnish the "velvet" for private detective agencies, their bread-and-butter money is still derived from industrial operations. And by far the most important service which the industrialist thinks his $8 a day operatives perform is the warding off of labor troubles — the secret attempt of union organizers to make the plant a closed shop institution. At present, with comparative peace existing between industry and labor, the threat of unionization is not the spectre that it was. Still thousands of "ops" are employed in the great plants. Carefully manipulated and assiduously circulated propaganda that America is on the eve of a Red invasion, plotted in Moscow, serves to create employment for them.

Generally speaking, industrialists continue to visualize a Red as a discontented, bearded and bloused peasant of Middle Europe who goes about with a bag of bombs and tosses them at the first man who looks as if he had considerable wealth. It is a childlike visualization and is due, no doubt, to the fact that hundreds of thousands of the workers in the great industrial centres of America are recruited from peasant classes of Europe.

IT IS not a difficult undertaking to warp this visualization into an intense fear. The faintest suspicion that secret Red agents are pouring inflammatory whisperings into the ears of foreign-born workers leads to the further and more alarming suspicion that the workers are being lured into a violent hatred of American systems, and that, like wildfire, the unrest will spread through one factory and devour others, the Red tide of discontent being subtly swollen by the ability of the foreign-born workers to carry on their machinations in tongues and gestures alien to their English-speaking employers.

In order properly to capitalize this fear of a Red invasion, detective agencies, for the first time in their history, embraced modern selling methods to widen the market for their services. Doubtless they had learned, as others have, that propaganda methods which helped win a great war also could be successfully employed in peace time to win clients when otherwise there would

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have been a lack of business because of the generally amicable relations between organized labor and the employing class.

The agencies were greatly aided, and at no expense to themselves, by the chatter of sociable persons around pink tea tables who saw in exponents of birth control, child labor laws, modernism, low tariff and realism in literature a menace to the country's security. Very possibly these same sociable persons would take to the other side of the street if they saw a lowly private detective approaching. But just the same their pink tea chatter puts dollars into the pockets of those same sleuths.

Not long ago the newspapers throughout the country briefly announced that a certain university professor of liberal leanings was about to undertake a lecture tour of all large cities. He was to talk upon a subject totally unrelated to labor, but it was known that he recently had toured Russia in the company of a Soviet guide. One unofficial Red-chasing agency, composed of the nicest people, bent on rescuing America from the machinations of the Third Internationale, succeeded in having the professor barred from the rostrum in one city for no other reason than a suspicion that, having been in Russia, he might drop remarks favorable to the Soviet, although his lectures were not about Russia. The society sent its confidential reports on the professor to its branches everywhere. One report fell into the hands of a detective agency with correspondents in all large cities. Forthwith mimeographed excerpts went out to every large manufacturer in localities where the agency correspondents were doing business, as follows:

Secret to All Large Employers:

Professor A. J. —— who is scheduled to speak before the local branch of the League for —— is a notorious advocate of Communism though he keeps his affiliation secret. Our informants advise that he claims to talk about the League of Nations but this is only a blind. His expenses are believed to be paid by the propaganda bureau of the Soviet Government in New York City. While in this locality he will be in contact with numerous persons with Communist connections. The real object of his lecture tour is to spread Red propaganda among foreign-born workers in large industrial centres.

The —— Detective Agency
Industrial Information Division

A few days were permitted to pass while the recipient of this alarming piece of information drank it in and made the most, and the worst, of it. Then he was visited by a gentleman with a portfolio, who announced himself as the confidential contact man for the agency which had been kind enough to warn employers of the menace they faced. And what could the agency do to meet that menace? Well, there was the agency's sign service by which the employer would be furnished with a suitable quantity of enameled signs which bore the agency's imposing and much-feared name. These could be posted in conspicuous places in the factory, the more the better. They would warn agitators that the factory was under the protection of the agency. These signs could be leased at $6 a year for each sign and the leasing of them carried a special

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privilege. Instead of paying the usual $12 a day rate for detectives if the manufacturer needed such service he would get it at $8 a day, providing he leased fifty signs.

PERHAPS the manufacturer spent some moments in silent quandary, running over the cost of signs and operatives. At this point the confidential contact man, with true selling perspicacity, unloaded his strongest selling point. While the agency would receive $8 a day for each operative, that operative would be doing a full day of regular factory work. Of course to provide the operative with proper "cover" he must be carried on the factory payroll like any other worker but, at the end of the week, he would turn in his factory wages which the agency would return to the client. A full day of factory labor by one hard-working operative free! A pretty inducement and one few manufacturers fail to fall for. And in addition, the contact man hastened to explain, the employer would be placed upon the agency's confidential mailing list to receive highly secret bulletins purporting to reveal the closely guarded secrets and war plans of labor organizations, Communist bureaus and other groups having destructive designs upon American political and industrial systems.

In a three-day canvass one contact man employing the selling tactics just described signed up twelve employers for 350 warning signs at $6 a year per sign, "planted" ninety-five industrial "ops" in twelve factories at $8 a day each, of which the agency retained $4 and gave $4 to the man. The "ops" had jobs which lasted five weeks. When they were finally let out, it was after the professor's book on Russia had appeared. It contained a scathing criticism of the Soviet system and warned American workers to fight shy of Communism!

IT IS not difficult to sell the services of an industrial "op" to an employer. If an automobile manufacturer discovers a drop in production, which his modern time-study devices can not explain or remedy, he calls in the "ops." He never sees them, but from their reports he learns that very often the cause of the drop is a grafting foreman who, for a bottle of booze handed to him by a worker, winks at idling or thieving in the plant. Or it often happens, where the plant employs both sexes, that the foreman is "sweet" upon one of the hard-working young women and favors her with half day holidays which the company pays for without knowing it, thus causing not only a diminution in production but injecting a sex problem with its companion problem of jealousy and envy. In exposing these hindrances to production and factory morale the industrial "op" often performs a real service to employer and employees.

Most industrial "ops" are pick-ups who are lifted out of the drifting army of unemployed and who seem never to fit permanently into any occupation. They are floaters.

One agency which does a lot of industrial work has a novel method of picking them up. When a man is wanted a white flag is wigwagged across the agency's office window. A wag for each man needed. Instantly the man or men appear in the

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office. It doesn't take them long to get there, for each day dozens of them stand across the street under the portico of a Federal building, waiting for the white sign of bread-and-butter money. It is a convenient and economical system of getting help, for it saves the expense of providing a rented waiting room. On occasion ex-convicts and thieves happen to answer the wigwag, but the agency has no means of knowing the men are wrong until some plant executive frantically complains that since he placed "ops" in his factory thievery had grown to alarming proportions.

Not infrequently the espionage departments of the labor unions take advantage of this loose method. I recall five "expert ops," picked up by want advertisements, who were sent to do under cover work in a factory whose owner boasted that he had never employed a union man. He wanted the "ops" merely to check up on factory affairs. The men hadn't been in his factory two weeks before they had signed up sixty per cent of the personnel as members of a union. The quintette of under cover men were labor organizers.

PROHIBITION has been a mighty help to detective agencies in making their industrial "ops" content with a low wage. When an apartment house owner suspects the presence of a bootlegger among his tenants, and seeks to avoid a Federal padlock on his premises as well as the notoriety of a raid, he sends to a private detective agency for an operative. The agency provides not only a man but also his wife and sometimes their children, at a charge of $12 a day. All of the $12 goes to the agency, but the man and his wife and children get their quarters free, the wife serving as a watcher during the day while her husband is busily engaged in a nearby factory. Rent free means a lot to a $4 a day man. And a lot to the agency too — a clear profit of $16 a day on the labor of one man while the agency's client, the factory owner, gets free one productive human's work.

THE chain store, too, has materially aided agencies in making the $4 wage attractive. Chain systems are impersonal institutions. There is no personal contact between store employees and owners under the chain method and these employees are found in the open labor market. Little is known of their pasts and because of this dishonest workers creep into chain establishments. The only way their honesty can be tested is to make regular checks. Test purchases are made regularly by private detectives who in turn report to the management of the chain. The agency makes either a flat charge per check or test or does the work on an annual retainer basis. But the checking is done by the industrial "ops." All they get for their work is the privilege of buying at cost the goods they purchase and turn over to the agency. Thus a man who works all day in a factory for $4, considers himself richly privileged when he gets rent free for his family and shirts, hats, socks, groceries and other necessities at cost. And since chain stores are forced to the necessity of continually checking on employees, they manage to get rid of considerable goods to the army of "ops" who do the checking.

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Ice Water

By Win Brooks

A Short Story

The Old Man was going home on his last voyage in command, and the ship — his ship for eleven years — seemed to sense their parting and to be giving him her very best.

This Old Man was an old man, and none knew it better than himself. His feet, braced wide apart against the bridge casing, served always to remind him that he was getting along; they ached, and because of them he wore rubbers even while the decks of the great liner were as dry as a chip.

Not a very romantic Old Man of the Sea, this captain of the *Empress*. Romance and aching feet are as distant as stem and stern of a vessel, and his feet had troubled him for years. There was about him, in fact, none of the personal puissance which fiction is wont to bestow upon those in command of prominent trans-oceanic speeders.

His was a small, squarely built physique, with the appearance of having come wrapped up originally in a square carton; responsibility, as well as the years, had aged him, etching those many fine lines about his mouth and dull, dark eyes. His hair was a smeary gray and his nose was too large. And how his feet ached!

He had not been a romantic figure, even in youth before his first command. Never, without due deliberation, had he plunged headlong into anything, and he had built up about him, as he aged, a solid wall of that reserve and taciturnity whose foundation is laid by nature in the men of his physique.

Not once during the thirty years he had been a master had a ship of his command participated in a rescue mission; never had his name and photograph been emblazoned upon the front sheets of the public press. He had a record of merit, but one as unspectacular, as devoid of ostentation, as a tow of barges.

But now, at last, at the very end of his career as a captain of trans-atlantic passenger liners, the spectacular seemed about to happen, and in New York newspaper offices more than a thousand miles away, "graveyards" already were being searched for his likeness.

His ship was responsible — his ship and the gods of the weather

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which seemed to realize the Old Man was ending a work well done and so should be rewarded. For the *Empress* was approaching "the corner" and was less than two and a half days out of Cherbourg breakwater.

The sun blazed, the sea slept, the ship drove at thirty-one knots, and a record crossing beckoned!

A record transatlantic crossing! For an American ship! To beat the British flyer! To defeat the twin German sisters which had come out of Bremen a short time before!

TIME and again during the eleven years of his command, the *Empress* had been within striking distance of the mark held by the British line, yet never had she equalled it. Then the second floating palace came out of Germany on a four-day, seventeen-hour, sixteen-minute crossing, and the White Line board saw its last hope go glimmering until the Old Man, on his last trip on the bridge, carefully weighed his weather reports, checked his log and sent a laconic telegram:

"Forty-three, thirty, north; thirty-eight, nineteen, west. Ambrose Lightship in four days, sixteen hours, flat, with luck."

So the Old Man courted romance at last with weather and sea unequalled in his experience — conditions that would not be encountered in another half century.

More than once, without his knowledge, the possibility of a record crossing by the *Empress* had been a subject of discussion in the board rooms of the White Line, and more than once the publicity value of its attainment had been weighed against the colorless, and likewise spotless, record of the Old Man. The line directors had held for years that their flagship, given decent weather and a man to push her, could cross from Cherbourg to New York in less than four days and eighteen hours. The Old Man, feeling keenly the responsibilities of his post as god of safety for passengers and crew, had not been the man to push her.

Swinging down the edge of the fog belt near the corner of the fortieth latitude steamship lane, he had refused to race time when the shrouds rolled in. While other big ships ploughed along regardless of fog, secure in their size, the *Empress*, larger and faster than they, had proceeded carefully, holding only to schedule or behind it. In the winter and autumn storms over the North Atlantic, the Old Man always had shaped a course mindful of the comfort of his passengers and with no thought of records.

HIS discretion had been sneered at. Some had suggested that timidity, not caution, formed the basis of his solicitude. The White Line board had weighed his long, unblemished record against a hope unrealized, and had given him the benefit of the doubt.

Yet, behind his reserve, this was a sensitive Old Man who had felt the criticism and the chuckles through the years. They had bitten deeply, but they had not changed his policy. Nor had they changed it now. Only the weather had changed, and he felt free to call upon his ship.

Since eight bells of the previous day she had left seven hundred and eighteen nautical miles behind her oil-driven, forty-three thousand tons. She was a grayhound unleashed at

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last, with the sting of a master's hand upon her flanks.

"Mr. Thorne."

"Sir?" (They had always sir-ed him.)

"Did you notice the air is a bit cooler?"

"I hadn't; no, sir." The first officer wiped perspiration from his brow.

"I think it is, a mite," said the Old Man.

The windows of the bridge had been snugged and the breeze that reached them was no breeze at all, only air resistance as the ship raced forward.

The first officer glanced at the wet bulb thermometer. He glanced at the dry bulb. He read graph and barometer and wiped his brow again. Cooler?

BLUE as twilight and heaving flat the sea caught the sun, now at the zenith, and sent against the black sides of the ship the golden flames of the reflection. As far as the eye could see astern the liner, the broadening, white baby-ribbon of her wake curled, current-pulled, across the pond-like surface.

Across the bridge from port wing to starboard wing, peering in at iron-mike as he passed, the Old Man took a turn to stand beside the giant starboard bridge watch and to be dwarfed.

"Had you noticed the air a bit cooler, McPherson?" he asked.

McPherson's eyes did not swerve from the zone of his concentration as he answered, "No, sorr. I hadna noticed."

"Well," said the Old Man, "it is cooler."

McPherson had no reply, and the Old Man asked after a while, "Do you ever have trouble with your feet?"

"No, sorr."

"Ah, well, you wouldn't. The Scots are lucky beggars."

He swung back to the first officer, announced his intention of taking a turn about the ship, and stepped off the bridge, disappearing as if he popped back into the little box from which he had the appearance of having emerged.

"Always puddlin', isn't he?" remarked Mr. Larrimer, the navigation officer.

"When he puddles there is usually something to puddle about," Thorne dryly replied.

"I'll bet you a fin he puddles us out of a record. Why he's not even excited about it."

"You're on," the first officer accepted. "A fin."

IT WAS that period between the morning deck repast and the luncheon call when, in fair weather, a ship's passengers doze in well satisfied complacency in chairs along A and B decks or, on other than American boats, in the bars, arousing themselves now and then to replenish the liquid foundation being placed for a solid midday meal.

There being no bars worthy of the name aboard the *Empress*, most of her passengers were in deck chairs or on the promenade, and the Old Man's appearance was the signal for well wishes from nearly everyone. All were aware of the fame that beckoned the *Empress*, and all visualized themselves as When-we-set-the-record-ing the home folks. The liner carried upwards of twelve hun-

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dred passengers in first and second cabins and tourist-third, and not one but would assume his share of whatever glory lay at the end of the passage.

THE Old Man paused occasionally to exchange greetings with groups of deckers and railers among whom the prospect of a record formed the only topic of conversation.

Miss Simpson, the Mt. Vernon school teacher, tourist-third and violating ship regulations by her presence on A deck, beamed upon him in her best Thanatopsis-recitation manner.

"Oh, Captain! Do you really think we shall win out? Will we break the record? My steward says we will! Just think, an American vessel after all these years beating the new German boats! I'll tell my class . . ."

Roland Boyden, the banker, and one of about a dozen of his regulars who knew they would not travel with him again, emerged from his deck suite, waved, and called: "Pull her through, will you, captain? I've a thousand rooting for you."

The Old Man moved on. His feet ached more and more. There was a vacant chair among a group of Boston merchants, and although he despised all merchants and those from Boston in particular, he sank down to rest his weary extremities.

"It's marvelous," one told him. "What a feather in your cap."

"The eggs aren't hatched," he told them.

Another: "We're getting up a pool of our own on the next run. How about the old high?"

"High or low," he answered; "you never can tell."

Moving on again, he peered into the lounge, which was almost empty, and into the smoking room. He declined Martin Jensen's invitation to lemonade.

"Water, with a bit of ice in it," he ordered.

"Hot as the very devil," remarked Jensen, one of his old travellers.

"It will be cooler," the Old Man replied.

He drank slowly and when the water was gone he tipped the glass and held the small square of ice melting in his mouth.

Three college girls in bright sports attire came in singing and ordered, "Rye highballs on the new record." They laughed when the steward, solemn-faced, assured them the ship had not been sold. They had meant ginger ale, it appeared.

"FOR you, sir." A radiogram on the silver plate. "We've been looking all over for you."

Jensen nodded permission to the question in his eyes and he tore it open slowly, and read:

"Master, *Empress*. At meeting this morning board elected you Director. Congratulations. Dolbear."

The Old Man smiled faintly, passed the message to Jensen, who read it and exclaimed, "Mine, too!"

"If we fall short of the record, they'll be sorry," said the Old Man.

He walked out and forward, descended to the starboard well deck, limped across it on burning feet, and climbed to the peak. He stood between the bow watches for a spell of time and finally, addressing his query to both, asked: "Does it seem cooler to you, men?"

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They both replied that it did not seem cooler, and he sighed as if disappointed.

It was three hours later when he took the bridge again. He had napped, bathed, lunched, soaked his tired feet in hot water, and discarded white duck for blue. He carried a light coat on his arm and did not mind the stares of those who guessed him "baffy in the conk."

THE sun blazed, lower down. The sea still dreamed, flat, listless. The air was brilliant, clear. He read the thermometers and stopped beside Larrimer, glancing at the three-hour record and the wireless reports on the navigating officer's clamp.

"She's held very well, sir. Thirty-one, point nine, the last two hours. Anderson reports all well below and the weather gives no indication of change."

The Old Man nodded. "All that I read here. Does it seem cooler to you?"

"Well, now that you mention it, it seems a trifle cooler than it was a while back. But it's still hot."

"It is nine degrees cooler than it was at noon. Still, there is no breeze and it should be the hottest part of the day," said the Old Man.

Larrimer verified the statement from the thermometers and had no reply.

"Have Stokes up from wireless."

The radio chief arrived on the bridge with a boarded sheaf of yellow papers.

"Read me the ship reports from four bells of the morning watch, duplicating all reports to navigation."

The wireless man droned: "S. S. *Hamburg*, forty-five, sixteen, north; thirty-three, twenty, west, weather clear, sea smooth, east bound New York to Liverpool. *Tairufa Maru*, forty, twenty-one, north; thirty-one west, weather clear, sea smooth. Chatham cross-bearing, Cape Canso, forty-four, fifty, north; forty-one, seventeen, west. Sable weather report, fair, gentle westerly continuing tonight and tomorrow. S. S. *Cedric*, west bound, in communication with *Tropical* . . ."

The reading consumed ten minutes.

"No Grand Banks patrol, Mr. Stokes?"

"No, sir."

"They would be working the same wave length?"

"Yes, sir. The same as ours."

"All right," said the Old Man. "Keep in touch with the *Hamburg* and the Jap. Does it seem cooler to you?"

"No, sir. It's hot as hell down in that spark cage."

THE red disc of sun touched the water-hazed horizon, and the Atlantic became a lake of gently lifting copper. The banners of sunset were flung majestically overhead, pink, salmon, gold, then a purple verging on green, and the evening chorus of "Oh-s" and "Ah-s" arose from the *Empress's* decks. Speed still held, the mad white wake went boiling off the stern, whiter yet against the darkening sea behind her.

The sun dove from sight, and in the east it was full night. The air was suddenly very cool and the Old Man donned his coat. From the bridge he communicated with the wireless room.

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NEWARK, OHIO

"Get this off at once, Mr. Stokes: 'Dolbear, White Line, New York. Thanks, but can't accept. Sorry.' Read it back. That's right. My name."

THE sunset lingering in the western sky was abruptly smudged with an inky brush. Lights blazed aboard the ship that was taking the Old Man home in glory, and overhead the stars shone with metallic brightness. The Old Man touched the hand of his first officer in the new fallen darkness.

"Sir?"

"Three-quarters speed, Mr. Thorne."

There was a taut spell of silence before the telegraph jangled. The ship almost imperceptibly lost speed, noticeable to the men of her crew but not to passengers. From the engine room, Anderson, the chief, having obeyed an order he doubted, telephoned for verification and received it from the Old Man himself.

Larrimer said doubtfully, having weighed his words, "You know best, sir, no doubt."

"No doubt," the Old Man returned.

"Yet this ruins the chance of a record. We'll never have another like it," said Thorne.

"Do you forget," the Old Man asked, "that I'll never have another chance at all?"

They had forgotten for the moment. They had no answer.

The third officer swung topside, a puzzled frown on his face.

"We've lost some way, sir."

"We have. Three-quarters speed now, Mr. Henley."

A thin horn of moon shone in the sky and the stars lost brilliance. The *Empress*, leashed again, tugged at her master's heart. Was he a fool? he asked himself. Was he taking a needless precaution against a foolish "hunch"? Were they right, after all, those people who termed him an over-cautious master? Perhaps. Yet there was more than a "hunch" now. There were certain signs . . . There was memory to back him up . . . A lifeboat in the dark and a woman's scream, water-choked. The same hard stars burning overhead . . .

"Mr. Thorne."

"Sir?"

"Double bow, masthead and bridge lookouts."

The first officer's vexation got the better of him.

"It's a clear night, sir . . ."

"Mr. Thorne!" A little sharper, now.

"Very good, sir."

A BOATSWAIN received the orders, left the bridge. Another took his place. A gong sounded amidships, distantly.

"Are you going to dinner, sir?"

"You go along in my place, Mr. Thorne. I'll finish out your watch and stand with Mr. Henley."

"If you need me, sir . . ." the first officer was puzzled now, as well as troubled.

"If I need you, Mr. Thorne, I'll have you called."

The bridge 'phone buzzed from wireless, and Stokes's husky voice said, "Cross-bearing Chatham and Cape Race for navigation. Forty-one, thirty, north, forty-seven, minus one, west. Repeat please."

The third officer who took the message repeated it. Navigation

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checked. "The corner," said Larrimer.

Iron-mike set to radio compass bearing and the *Empress* swung to due west.

"It's much cooler," the navigation officer remarked.

"Half speed," said the Old Man. His feet ached worse than ever. His heart ached, too. They would never know, though, how much he had coveted that record.

AN HOUR passed. Music floated up to the bridge from somewhere afar off, it seemed. The first officer returned. There was a queer, strained silence there at the centre of the ship's control. Another hour. The Old Man walked out on the starboard wing and Thorne followed.

"I'm sorry, sir. I wish you'd tell me."

"It's nothing," the Old Man replied. "Silly to pass up a record and a chair on the board, I suppose. But once before, I remember, it grew suddenly cold on a warm, bright afternoon. I can't forget it."

"When was that, sir?"

The Old Man answered, peering into the night ahead, "I was a guest on the bridge of the Titanic, you remember . . ."

The rest was lost in the cries of the masthead men.

"Ice ahead! Fog ahead!"

"Ice off the starboarrrd!"

It froze them there on the bridge. The bow watch called through megaphone: "Iceberg off the port, sir! Ice dead ahead!"

It froze them all. Cold enough to hold them frozen save for the movement of a hand that rang, "Stop!" and "Full speed astern!" to the engine room watch.

Thick hid the stars and moon, as the *Empress* shivered. Against the frantic reverse screw of her propellers, way carried the great liner forward.

"Berg ahead close by!"

"Iceberg off the port quarter!"

The Empress trembled, began to move slowly back, picked up some speed. The fingers of five great searchlights swept the gray shroud off her bows.

The first officer said, "God, what an iceberg!"

It passed close by them, blue as night, snow crusted still, borne south in the flow from the Flemish Cap.

"There will be many more," said the Old Man. "Slow her to half speed, reverse."

CRIES arose from the decks below them, from passengers seeing only beauty where there was danger.

Another iceberg swept past them, larger than the first but not as near. There was a break in the fog, the stars shone through. Mastheads cried there were a dozen bergs in sight.

The *Empress* backed warily off in a half circle, swinging a two mile front of advancing ice. From the bridge they counted nineteen bergs. Mastheads reported twenty-seven. Sparks crackled in the wireless room, and the *Empress* sent the warning forth that danger lay directly in the most travelled course of the North Atlantic.

Mr. Thorne's arm was about the Old Man's shoulder.

"I was a stubborn fool" . . . the first officer was saying.

"Damn these aching feet of mine!" said the Old Man.

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Biography Boom

By Louise Maunsell Field

The typical, one hundred per cent American has an inborn, ineradicable loathing of anything resembling moderation. And in this respect the female of the species is precisely like the male. His vocabulary knows no intermediary between "swell" and "rotten"; her skirts soar above her knees when they do not trail on the ground. When he — or she — rushes into the stock-market, it is in a spirit of self-confident elation that sets quotations leaping; when he — or she — rushes out again, he goes helter-skelter, panic stricken, falling over his own feet and leaving shares crashing down behind him. In an exactly similar spirit he — and she — has rushed into the literary market, and seized by a sudden passion for one particular type of fiction, produced the present astounding biography boom.

A glance at figures will show that to call this boom astounding is by no means an exaggeration. According to the statistics provided by *The Publishers' Weekly*, 667 new biographies and 71 new editions of biographies were published in 1929. Of these, no less than 405 were written by American authors. Figures for 1930 are not yet available; but the indications are that they will show no falling off in this particular production. The list of "best sellers" tells the reason. The tables provided by *The Bookman* show that in 1929 biographies appeared in these best seller lists no less than 43 times; all other forms of non-fiction, poetry and drama, history and autobiography, criticism and philosophy, religion and science, travel, politics, humor and adventure, only 96 times. In other words, twelve times as many subjects, taken all together, found places on the best sellers lists but little more than twice as often as the single item of biography!

Yet this tabulation is perhaps not quite fair. For the kind of biography which has become so immensely popular that all ages and every country, from the dawn of history to this present year of grace, have been and are being ransacked for subjects around whom romances can be woven, is in truth a form of fiction; but of fiction with a difference. It is not only that plot and cast of characters are ready made, thus sparing the would-be author what might prove a very considerable tax on his ingenuity. The strain of Puritanism which runs through the American temperament, sometimes by inheritance and more often by

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contagion, produces a vague feeling that anything which requires the effort at concentration demanded by reading, ought in some way to be more than merely amusing; it should also be educational, or at least improving. All very well for motion pictures, on which one may gaze in a sort of sponge-like apathy, to be only entertaining, while watching a ball game has never ranked as an arduous intellectual activity; but reading — ! There is something quite, quite different. The deep and rather pathetic respect for the printed word, imbued in those pioneers and immigrants to whom it was a rarity, still persists in their descendants. The average American, like the young lady of Jane Austen's time, replies to the question, "What are you reading?" with an apologetic, "Oh, only a novel." But if she — or he — can proclaim the volume a biography, it is with the pride of the uncultured when fancying they are establishing a claim to culture. "I don't want a novel; I want a book!" as one of the species informed a librarian.

It is in great measure this desire to be instructed, painlessly at least, if not altogether pleasantly, that has produced the great biography boom. In the time of Walter Scott and Dumas *père* the historical novel flourished; Stanley Weyman's *Under The Red Robe*, and *A Gentleman of France*, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's *The White Company*, and a few others of the same kind, maintained the tradition almost to our own time. But success brought, as it invariably does, a host of fourth and fifth rate copyists. In their hands the historical novel lost every claim to novelty and almost every claim to history, declining into such a saccharine travesty of actual events that even the extremely tough digestion of the reading public could not endure the sickening mess. The stock of the historical novel sank lower and lower, until it was almost out of sight. And there for a long time it remained, though in recent years it has shown symptoms of reviving.

But after the World War had brought the nations into a painfully keen awareness of one another, and after the coming of peace had started hordes of Americans on an annual rush to Europe, curiosity about the past was inevitably quickened. Buildings and statues, tombs and traditions, spoke of persons and incidents of which the average American was woefully ignorant. He could not turn for help to the despised historical novel. And for the reading of so-called "serious history," his movie-trained mind was totally unprepared. The dilemma was none the less real because a majority of those immersed in it were unaware that it existed. Then, a little more than a decade ago, Lytton Strachey's *Eminent Victorians* suddenly and conclusively proved that real people could be made quite as entertaining as imaginary ones, and fact no less vivid and dramatic than fiction.

For once, the hour and the man had arrived together. Perhaps it was as well for the future of the stock thus put upon the market that it was offered at first in small quantities. These biographies, no longer than an average, fairly long short story, did not unduly strain either the attention or the intelligence. Their success

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was, to the unobservant, utterly amazing.

For the first time in many a long day, biography had been made not only to pay, but to pay as well as the most successful fiction. *Eminent Victorians* entered the best seller lists, and stayed there. So did its successor, *Queen Victoria*. Publishers and authors, who like other people find it necessary to eat occasionally and pay the landlord frequently, were inspired with that sincerest form of respect known as envy. They put their heads together, and acted. Authors wrote; publishers advertised; the public bought; and the biography boom began. It grew. And grew. And went on growing. Some writers, more daring or more frank than others, labelled their productions "fictionized biography." The dead, famous or infamous, authors and desperadoes, courtesans and bishops, queens and cutthroats, were disinterred from their more or less peaceful sepulchres to be paraded in verbal robes of every imaginable hue and texture.

How high the biographical stock now ranks in the literary market may be judged from the fact that when, last spring, a translation of an historical novel by a noteworthy author was issued by a certain publishing house, the book was described on the title page as a "fictionized biography." And why not? Since biography once masqueraded as fiction, why should not fiction now masquerade as biography? The gulf between the two has been so effectually bridged that it has practically disappeared.

No influence spreads as rapidly as that of success. In Germany, Emil Ludwig wrote his *Napoleon*, hoping, it would seem, to prove thereby that the Man of Destiny, Corsican by birth, became French less by choice than by chance. Napoleon, he declared, "lived entirely without feeling for a fatherland; . . . he would gladly have made his career anywhere, and merely placed the French before other peoples because he chanced to be their Emperor." Thus, you see, the famous Emperor of the French was not really French at all, even by adoption. He would as willingly have been of any other nationality; German, for instance.

Now here was biography usurping one of the two most precious prerogatives of fiction. Herr Ludwig could not, and probably did not wish to alter the time, place and manner of Napoleon's death; but he could, and did, tell us precisely what he was thinking about. The omniscience of the fiction writer was thus claimed by the self-styled biographer. Napoleon's thoughts were set forth — according to the ideas of Herr Ludwig. Page after page of the Emperor's meditations was bestowed upon the world, not as fiction, but as biography. Again the success of the method was immediate and enormous. One American edition followed another, and the biographical stock soared yet higher in the literary market. Meanwhile a French author, André Maurois, had produced a charmingly written and frankly fictionized biography of Shelley, *Ariel*. Its success led to the same author's brilliant and imaginative study of *Disraeli*, which professed to reveal the mystery of the sphinx and was

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followed by an equally imaginative piece of special pleading, *Byron;* therein we learn how greatly that prince of poseurs respected the judgment of the wife he first all but turned out of his house and then bitterly, and publicly, upbraided for going.

Accompanying, and following, these more important writers were a host of others, much too numerous to mention. Then Lytton Strachey himself brought out his *Elizabeth and Essex*, a fascinating book in which the fictionizing process came nearly if not completely to a climax. Some authors, finding that such more or less familiar personages were, if not too well known, at least too much written about to permit a perfectly free use of the imagination, went in pursuit of the more obscure or the more ancient, from missionaries to Tutankhamen. But fictionized biography was not to have everything its own way. Already two rivals had sprung up, one of them peculiarly American, though it too traced its lineage to that same influential volume of *Eminent Victorians*.

This was the "Let's tell it all," frequently called the "de-bunking" form of biography, whose purpose was to show how seriously overrated the great were. Examples of this type are still being produced with the rapidity of new radio models. Notable among them was, and is, Rupert Hughes's massive *George Washington*, which having already absorbed three stout volumes threatens to consume as many more. Urged on by an entirely laudable desire to remove the Father of His Country from that hideous and uncomfortable pedestal of irreproachable propriety to which the mistaken piety of his respectability-venerating admirers had hoisted him, Mr. Hughes enthusiastically devoted himself to the task of bringing Washington from sainthood to humanity. Eagerly and tirelessly he studied that English gentleman's fondness for gambling, joyously watched him empty and replenish his wine-cellar, and not only exulted to find his hero in love with the wife of his (the hero's, not Mr. Hughes's) best friend, but went out of his way to give Sally Fairfax all the credit for saving herself and Washington from a social débaclê, by preventing him from "making a knave of himself or an outcast of her," though he produces no valid proof that Washington ever cherished any such deplorable intentions.

Still imbued with this same admirable desire to prove that the immortal George was not so much white as whitewashed, Mr. Hughes goes yet further out of his way to attribute mean motives to Washington's actions. Thus when Braddock set forth on his famous expedition he made, we are told, a fatal mistake by taking the Virginia route advocated by stockholders of the Ohio Company," so that the Ohio Company could profit by the business involved." Washington too "preferred the Virginia route, being also interested in the Ohio Company." The inference is as plain as it is disagreeable. Yet it seems quite possible that Washington, not being infallible, was honestly mistaken. There is nothing difficult about knowing what should have been done, after the doing is over. In short, Mr. Hughes

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reveals everything about Washington, except his greatness. Testimony after testimony he gives to show how much men respected and admired George Washington. It is only the reason for this respect which is left hidden, only the frequently asserted greatness that is left an unsolved mystery.

AGAIN the hour and the man had come simultaneously. For while Mr. Hughes was undoubtedly actuated by an honest desire to discover and to tell the truth and nothing but the truth, even though the urgency of that desire may sometimes have cheated him out of his sense of proportion, he as undoubtedly appealed to that belittling instinct, always existent, but especially notable and especially prevalent during the last ten years. The World War made such a terrific drain upon idealism that it almost entirely exhausted the available supply, and idealism is a prime requisite for hero worship. A weary and disillusioned generation, which had expected the millennium and been disappointed, took refuge in cynicism. Feeling unable to climb, men desired to drag down the great and the near-great to their own level, as a way of minimizing their own deficiencies. Of course there always is and always has been a sneaking gratification to the small-souled in discovering that this or that famous person drank too much, made love to his friend's wife, or was accused of cheating his neighbor. When Walter Savage Landor wrote, "There is delight in praising," he spoke truth only of those who are themselves praiseworthy. It is one of the ugliest, as well as one of the most disheartening, manifestations of the modern American spirit that it seizes so gleefully on all it can discover to the detriment of any established reputation. And this it is which is responsible for a good deal of the popularity of the so-called "de-bunkers." Under the guise of a search for facts, the search for faults has been eagerly pursued.

AFTER the Revolution, the Civil War. We *Meet General Grant* under the auspices of W. E. Woodward, only to learn that the General didn't really amount to so very much, after all. It was merely that luck happened to be on his side. Why, if he hadn't been a drunkard, and therefore obliged to leave the army, he wouldn't have been the only man available to drill the amateur soldiers at Galena, and would probably have died in obscurity. "He drifted into this duty; he was by nature a drifter." Presently, so we are told, he was receiving the credit for work done by other men. He was successful, but not, it would seem, through any merit or any effort of his own. Luck, or opportunity, did it all; and the fact that many men fail to utilize either luck or opportunity is tacitly ignored. The desire to eliminate a halo sometimes results in eliminating credibility. Later, the very essence of the de-bunking process is shown when some 30-odd pages are devoted to the scandals of Grant's Administration, while such trifles as "the establishment of the principle of international arbitration through the Treaty of Washington," the putting of the financial affairs of the Government "on a sound basis," and the attempt at Civil Service Reform, are

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scarcely more than mentioned. Mr. Woodward's book is but one among many. Displaying the feet of clay which supported a goodly number of America's former idols has developed from a pleasure into a passion; the only trouble is that in this eagerness to call attention to the feet, the rest of the body is often ignored. And yet, when all is said, feet, however important, are not quite as significant as heads.

A THIRD popular type of biography, while not entirely unrelated to the *Eminent Victorians*, has an even closer connection with Freud. It also possesses a good deal of resemblance to that kind of detective novel wherein an entire series of murders are traced from the discovery of a splinter in the floor. This variety of biography ascribes John Doe's regrettable demise from ptomaine poisoning, not to the treachery of a stale crab or too ancient lobster, but to the fact that his great-grandmother was unlucky in love. An early and admirable example of the type is Van Wyck Brooks's *The Ordeal of Mark Twain*, which proves to the satisfaction of the author, if not of the reader, that all Mark Twain's literary shortcomings were due to the fact that he once promised his mother "to be a faithful and industrious man, and upright, like his father." Weighed down by this terrible promise, he inevitably became "a frustrated spirit," since it prevented him from developing into the social satirist which nature, as interpreted by Mr. Brooks, had intended him to be. For how could any boy who had promised his mother "not to break her heart," possibly grow strong enough to resist the temptation to become rich and respectable, when riches implied respectability in the eyes of all his Mammon-worshipping contemporaries?

MOTHER and vampire are almost interchangeable terms to this psychoanalytic type of biography, though fathers come in for their share of opprobrium; and not infrequently deserve it. Witness Katharine Anthony's best seller study of all save the probable reasons why Queen Elizabeth died an old maid, and witness too Rosamund Langbridge's clever scolding of Charlotte Brontë for not possessing, in the middle of the Nineteenth Century, the knowledge and characteristics appertaining to the Twentieth. No doubt Charlotte would have had a far happier life had she been able to treat her unspeakable parent with the casual contempt so often manifested by the present more enlightened generation, but in her day such behavior would certainly have been regarded as a somewhat more heinous crime than parricide might seem to our own. Emily Dickinson's father was a subtler, less materialistic tyrant than the Reverend Patrick Brontë. "Across the hearth a sixth sense in Emily doubtless told her exactly the shade of severity in her father's face (for sixteen years she had been the clever prognosticator of father's feelings), but she doubtless kept her eyes to her reading." (How in the world could the modern biographer possibly get along if deprived of those two blessed, all-embracing, all-excusing words, probably and doubtless!) But however detestable an autocrat Edward Dickinson may

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have been, Genevieve Taggard is much too grateful to him for providing her with an excuse for Emily's eccentricities to treat him very severely, while she is so pleased with the romance she has built up on what seems to the reader a not very substantial foundation, that she can scarcely bear to rebuke her beloved poet for submitting where Elizabeth Barrett so strikingly rebelled. Yet it is a characteristic of much of the current, and very popular, "psycho-analytical" biography, that it is often quite unable to forgive its subjects for being men and women of their own time, and not of 1930.

HERE it is that the psycho-analytical joins hands with the de-bunking biography in its appeal to that great mass of readers annoyed by a consciousness of their own inferiority. Most of us are not over-courageous; how pleasant to be assured that the admired Mark Twain was a mental and moral coward! Few of us are strong enough to rebel effectually when shut up within stone walls; the barriers of convention we often preen ourselves on overthrowing are seldom built of anything more formidable than papier mâché. How comforting to feel that geniuses like Charlotte Brontë and Emily Dickinson were no stronger, were perhaps even weaker, than our own feeble selves!

For more than ten years, biography has prospered. Buoyed on waves of curiosity, complacent satisfaction in entertainment disguised as instructon, love of backstairs gossip, and that pettiness which can find no delight in praising but infinite pleasure in being assured that no one is genuinely praiseworthy, the biography boom has shown surprising endurance. A good deal of conscientious research, much clever and some brilliant writing, an appreciation of drama, and an earnest, perfectly sincere endeavor to discover and report the truth, have gone into its making, particularly where the books above mentioned are concerned. So far as its success is substantial, its appeal directed to the more intelligent among readers, it is on account of these admirable qualities.

BUT of such are enduring values made, not bonanzas, and that is perhaps the reason why signs are appearing which would seem to indicate an approaching decline. Writers of every degree, from the first rate to the tenth, have thrown their stock upon the market, and the sad story of the historical novel threatens to be repeated. Fictionized biography is tending more and more towards a total submergence of biography in fiction; the formula of the de-bunkers is becoming familiar, and consequently wearisome; psycho-analytical studies may reasonably be expected to follow the Freudian theories with which many of them are so closely allied into the limbo of the slightly old-fashioned. Publishers' announcements show as yet no falling off in the number of lives of the famous and infamous, but the best seller lists of *The Bookman* tell a different story. For the first six months of 1930 biography, which once appeared on them nearly half as often as all other varieties of non-fiction taken together, dropped to less than a quarter, or in other words, was listed only eleven times to the

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others' forty-seven; a really startling depreciation.

And when the crash does come, when the fickle public begins to refuse the over-watered biography stock and the bottom drops out of the market, according to its unfailing yet somehow always surprising custom, what wailing there will be among those who failed to take their profits and go while the going was so extraordinarily good!

The Clavichord

By Carolyn Aiken

Scented sounds,
Like bugles in picture frames,
Proclaim,
With precise acclaim,
Fortunes of forgotten names
Fancy propounds.

Perfumed pasts,
Exhaling faint romances,
Excite
A dainty delight,
Recalling delicate dances—
A moment, lasts.

Smile at kisses;
The music bids you beware.
On guard!
The clavichord
Mocks at love and care,
But hints at blisses

Lovers did know,
Now bound in painted pages,
Moulded,
Yet unfolded,
And locked with countless ages
So long ago.

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NEWARK, OHIO

White Collars and Marriage Yokes

By Henry R. Carey

Why Can't Young Men Marry?

"In almost all the higher walks of life," writes Dean Inge, "the old are overpaid and the young 'sweated'. The young presumably acquiesce in this system in the hope of becoming fossils themselves after a time. But it is eugenically bad, making early marriage impossible, or encouraging the dysgenic art of fortune-hunting."

The tendency which Dean Inge finds in England is certainly strong in the "higher walks" of American life. The American college man, especially if he be clever and courageous enough to enter one of the professions, is being sweated and coerced into bachelorhood with a vengeance. While the American farmer may still frequently marry shortly after coming of age, the college graduate is often approaching middle age before he can afford matrimony; just one more way in which the leader or brain-worker class is being threatened with childlessness and extinction. To be sure, the birth rate among *married* college people is anything but encouraging. It is symptomatic that Roland Harper has recently found that in 17 American college towns, there was not, on the average, more than one child to every woman. Moreover, the number of childless married men, long out of colleges as diverse as Haverford and Harvard, is disconcerting, and, in the case of Harvard, a rapidly growing evil. But this phenomenon among married alumni is hardly as marked as the infertility of those men who are obliged by poverty and other causes to remain submerged in celibacy for years after graduation. Some of these must recall rather sadly the advice of President Eliot of Harvard, to marry young, if only to enjoy one's grandchildren! Probably it was easier to follow this sage advice when Dr. Eliot gave it, shortly after the turn of the century.

Formerly I was not so certain of this as I feel now. Not long ago, however, in glancing over a report of the Harvard College class which was graduated in 1920, I was struck by the confession of a young advertising man, written when he was nearly 30 years old: "Hair growing thinner. Matrimonial prospects zero." It seemed to me that perhaps this brief wistful confidence half revealed the

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history of a rather typical struggle. Then I began to wonder whether marriage, for the educated man, is any longer always just a matter of hard work and free will, or whether the parental inactivity of the educated bachelor is sometimes as involuntary as that other unemployment which now affects so many Americans. I knew that the percentage of Harvard and Yale graduates who marry has decreased from 98 in the Eighteenth Century to about 77 around the year 1900. "Suspicion is the father of knowledge." I decided to investigate. Part of the Harvard College class of 1920, both graduates and those who did not finish their college work, kindly agreed to be the subjects on whom I might experiment. My instrument was a questionnaire. The investigation covered particularly the year 1927, when these men were 29 years old and seven years out of college.

GUESSING aside, was there really any relation between one's ability to marry and one's total income, earned and unearned? Some of my correspondents thought not. However, the query "Would you have married sooner if your income had been sufficient?" brought the answer "Yes" from 28 per cent of those who replied. Alumni with large revenues were more or less certain that money matters did not affect marriage, but it was interesting to notice that the smaller the receipts the more likely I was to receive assurances that lack of money did indeed handicap marriage prospects. Thus where the median income of the group was less than $3,000, 43 per cent of them complained, and in the case of the poverty-ridden young doctors, the proportion of those who felt the pinch as a menace to family life was nearly one-half. Below the doctors in intensity of protest — rather far below — appeared, in descending order, the lawyers, the engineers, and the teachers.

NEXT, I investigated the budget of the marriage year. For this purpose, I divided my Harvard friends according to their twelve principal occupations: Distribution (wholesalers, retailers and the like), Insurance, Law, Selling, Real Estate, Manufacturing, Journalism (including authors and editors), the Ministry, Banking, Engineering, Teaching, and Medicine. The median income for members of all these groups who had married turned out to be $3,000 during the year in question. Many persons were content with this figure or with $5,000; many "took a chance and got away with it" on much less. Indeed, the amount of money with which one dares to "take the plunge" doubtless varies with the standards of living of one's friends, sharply modified by the actual possibilities of the moment. At any rate, the young Harvard teachers and doctors, who reported the lowest 1927 emoluments of the lot, married accordingly on the smallest amounts, $2,400 and $2,200 respectively. The same rule held for those occupations reporting middling and large incomes. All showed a marked disposition and ability to cut the coat according to the cloth.

But the most interesting discovery came, not from a study of opinions, but from a direct comparison, occupation by occupation, between cash

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receipts and marriage percentages in the same year. The result showed a fairly close relationship between size of income and marriage frequency. In occupations in which the revenues were at or above the general median or middle point ($4,000) the marriage percentage was usually likewise above the dividing line (51 per cent). But where incomes were below the median, marriage percentages were invariably below par also — sometimes far below. The only exceptions were the lawyers and the engineers, who appeared unwilling or unable to attain even a middling marriage record, although their profits were above the half-way point. Remember that all these men were nearly 30 years old, and had been out of college seven years. In view of their age, the ministers, teachers and doctors seemed startlingly celibate — until one realized the slenderness of their resources.

But the story was quite different with the distributors, insurance men, salesmen, real estate men, manufacturers, and journalists, with middle sized incomes or better. These had married more freely. Perhaps most of us have always supposed that this money-marriage relationship exists. At any rate, students of economics have long recognized that the general marriage rate of a community is an index of its prosperity. Thus in the depression period following 1907, the Pennsylvania marriage rate dropped, leaping wildly again in the post-war boom of 1920, and falling once more in 1928. We are here simply observing, from a different angle, the workings of the same law. Indeed our Harvard business men alumni, as a group, proved to have clearly beaten their professional classmates both financially and matrimonially. Financially the money getters led with a median income score of $4,100 as against $3,950. (The advantage of certain Princeton business men, nine years after graduation, is even more striking.) Matrimonially, the Harvard non-professionals led their professional brothers by a wide margin, marrying a year younger, and being 67 per cent wed in contrast with 38.

The class as a whole, however, being only just over one-half married, had obviously a long way to go to reach the known 83 per cent rate for Harvard men of all ages. Something was clearly holding back many of the unwed half of the class. There is not the least doubt that in many cases the trouble was lack of funds.

Men of Harvard, Class of 1920. Age 29 (1927)

Occupation	*Total Income (Median)*	*Per Cent Married*	*Median Marriage Age for Those Married in 1927*
Distribution	$6,000	59.5	26
Insurance	5,000	72.8	25
Law	5,000	31.4	26
Engineering	4,250	50	26
Selling	4,200	72.8	25
Real Estate	4,000	66.6	23
Manufacturing	4,000	67.4	25
Journalism	4,000	52.7	25.5
Ministry	3,900	16.7	27
Banking	3,500	50	25
Teaching	3,000	40.5	26
Medicine	2,500	34.8	27

Note: Median income (12 occupations) $4,000; median marriage percentage, 51.3. Earned income figures for men of Princeton, 1916, at the age of 31, corresponding roughly to the Harvard data in the second column above, are, in the same order, $6,000, 6,800, 5,300, 3,520, 5,500, 7,500, 5,400, 5,200, 3,500, 4,240, 3,150, and 2,500.

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The Harvard income and marriage details will be of interest to all college men and others who have been out in the world only a few years.

One has only to glance at such a table to see clearly that the occupation groups which are hardest hit of all, during the early postgraduate years, are the ministers, teachers and doctors, for they combine small earnings with low marriage rates, and advanced age when they do marry. It is clear that a minister can not think of supporting a normal family with several children, and still keep up appearances, on $3,900 a year. Teachers are in a worse case with $3,000, and doctors are at the very bottom financially, with $2,500 a year, which is about equal to the standard minimum wage in 1926 for a city family of wage laborers! As one would expect, the same professions among at least one class of Princeton Alumni, nine years after graduating, are equally badly off.

Two Harvard medical students reported to me that they had no income at all, seven years after graduation. One brave budding doctor married as a fourth year medical student, on $800 earned on the side as a teacher. Few indeed must be the men who can stand such a strain! In spite of this man's extra efforts, however, his young wife, instead of concentrating on the establishment of a home, felt it necessary to go to work to support the family. Another young medical man did not begin to practise or marry until he was 30 — about the normal programme for an ambitious fellow without private means, who has taken no pre-medical course in college. If, however, a young doctor is clever and ambitious enough to wish to prepare himself to teach medicine, he is sure to be further handicapped. In this case, postponing substantial earnings and perhaps marriage, he may have to extend his studies until he has been out of college twelve or thirteen years, and has reached the age of about 35! Only a small independent income can save such a leader from prolonged celibacy. For unfortunately, during the five years after graduation from medical school, the salary of even a talented doctor, earned as interne and the like, often averages less than $1,000 annually. Worst of all, in many hospitals it is impossible for a married man to get a place on the house staff. Young doctors are thus not only "sweated" but even dragooned into bachelorhood! It is easy to see, in short, why teaching positions in medicine are being largely restricted to men of private means who wish to remain single. So at least I am informed by a very successful young Harvard physician. A more dysgenic proceeding it would be hard to imagine!

To be sure, these conclusions, being based on a survey which is limited, are more or less tentative. But they throw enough light on the problems of the brain-worker to permit us to ask some rather searching questions. What shall we say, for example, of a profession which prepares its most promising members to pass the torch of learning to other men's children, only by preventing them for years from passing the gifts of life, talent and culture to children of their own? What must we think, too, of a community which

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penalizes its latter-day saints, its guardians of the seeds of progress — doctors, ministers and teachers — simply because they have chosen professions which are on the whole unusually altruistic and unselfish, rather than greedy and predatory?

INDEED, one is tempted to believe that our nation cares for nothing in the world but money profits, when one observes the young healers of our bodies and our souls, and the trainers of our minds, receiving a pauper's wage from the communities which they are preparing or beginning to serve. How long can such a civilization endure? How long shall we permit such men to be restrained from early marriage and fatherhood by the rules of the institutions where they have trained, and by our refusal to help them financially, during the few years after majority when they need help most desperately?

In this connection, it should never be forgotten that, as Whitney and Huntington have shown, every group of twenty ministers or 46 professional men, produces one distinguished child, whereas the proportion for skilled labor is 1,600 and for unskilled labor only 48,000 to 1. Is it not, then, wasteful of our spiritual resources as well as cruel, to discourage our professional men from reproducing themselves? What is to become of the intellectual classes in America, including those of Revolutionary stock, unless the economic postponement of their marriages, and the economic restriction of their families, can be overcome? How long can we continue sterilizing our leaders as they appear — even, occasionally, from the ranks of labor? How long without disaster can we keep on skimming off the cream as it rises to the top? Is one of the basic causes of crime in America the progressive self-extermination of our leader class, while the ignorant man increases his numbers by leaps and bounds?

WHAT, then, can be done to help our leaders financially during the desperate early years of study and small stipends? There are several possibilities. Where the parents are not really poor, the more promising of the younger generation might be put upon a secure fiscal basis by establishing for them an ante-nuptial marriage settlement, with a trust fund. American trust companies could develop this idea with profit to themselves. It is common and successful in England. In that country, when couples from the so-called upper, middle and professional classes become engaged, the parents on both sides are often willing and able to place securities or other property in trust for them, so that they can use the income from the date of marriage on. The lawyers of both parties draw up the papers prior to the wedding. The agreement, signed by both parties, becomes binding and irrevocable after the great event. The effect of this ingenious arrangement is to place capital in the hands of trustees, who pay out the income to young people in a regular and orderly way. Fathers are relieved once for all from perpetual requests for money, while the youngsters are saved from the humiliation and uncertainty which sometimes arrive with an allowance which may be ended at any time. In many

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ways, moreover, the ante-nuptial settlement has a steadying influence on young people and on their children. If it were to become a settled social practice in America, it might, by increasing security and self-respect in marriage, encourage our brain workers to take the step at an earlier age.

But of course, for such an arrangement to work, the parents must be both able and willing. Hitherto, especially in the pioneer days, it seems to have been comparatively easy for an American youth of courage and energy to earn a marriage income. Consequently, both young and old have inclined to think it disgraceful for a male child to depend even partially on his parents. But times are changing. With the urbanization and mechanization of the country, there presumably comes an increase in the number of "white-collar" intellectual jobs which require long and expensive training. The attitude of parents must and will change with the times. Not that it is good for any man to succeed without a struggle: rather let us realize that it is bad for him to struggle too long without success.

But the problem of the college graduate or other brain worker with desperately poor or ungenerous parents is harder. Perhaps he has had to work his way through school and college. How is he to marry before the completion of a long professional course? One suggestion for relief, an inverted form of insurance, in which the insured receives a large sum early in life, paying out small annuities thereafter, has been mooted by sociologists and promptly rejected, for practical reasons, by at least one insurance man whom I have consulted. There is always, however, the hope that some enlightened philanthropist, some intelligent and opulent alumnus who has suffered during the lean early years, will start the much needed custom of endowing colleges with funds which will enable the most promising and indigent students, in professional and graduate schools, to marry and bring up children comfortably, while they are young and struggling. The applicant for such a matrimonial scholarship will naturally regard it, not as a proof that he is a weakling, but as a tribute by the most competent judges — his instructors — to his unusual gifts and force of character. Banks, too, since they can and do loan money to reputable people without collateral, might be able to work out a helpful plan, in consideration of the fact that the borrowers would be college graduates of unusual promise. Fundamentally, however, what is needed is a new attitude, a general awakening to the exceeding usefulness of the talented, hard working highbrow.

At present, however, the policy of American society towards its intellectual leaders may be likened to a weird form of foot race. The stadium is crowded with spectators. The pistol cracks. The racers dart forward. At the end of the first mile the runners who, by special vigor, have won the lead, are stopped and forced by the spectators to drop behind. At the end of the second mile, the leaders are again penalized. Finally, when the strongest men are all hopelessly in the rear, the referee declares that the race is over!

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They're Off at Boulder Dam!

By Joseph Lilly

A stupendous piece of work which will leash the Colorado, supply water to Los Angeles, and furnish more hydro-electric power than any other generating unit in the world

Several squads of young engineers, all of them brown as pennies, lean as mountain mules and hard-muscled as laborers, are out on the Great American Desert, lugging their heavy tripods and transits over the fiery sands, doing the first physical work in the latest of man's grandiose thrusts at nature. Quietly, undemonstratively, as befits their profession, they are laying the groundwork of Boulder Dam, which, surely, will be one of the wonders of the modern world.

It is too bad that words in themselves become stale, that to speak of still another wonder of the world is to risk a commonplace. But the conception of Boulder Dam is so imaginatively breath-taking and its realization is so staggering that nothing less conveys its tremendous importance. And if in this age of marvels another wonder of the world seems trite to us, that is because we have heard so much about the politics of this one that we have been unable to see its magnificence. During eight years Congress bellowed about it, and when Congress interrupted itself to talk of something else, seven of the Western States argued among themselves about it. We were engulfed in muddy discussions. But now the talk has ended and quiet men have rolled up their sleeves to pitch in to the heavy work, and we can hie ourselves into the desert and see what it is.

Boulder Dam is the greatest peace-time undertaking of the United States Government since the Panama Canal. The whole project will cost $165,000,000. It will be the largest dam in the world, more than twice the size of the famous Assuan Dam of Egypt, more than twice the size of the colossal Elephant Butte of New Mexico. Its bare dimensions are amazing. It will rise in the lonely desert more than 723 feet, a solid mass of concrete equivalent in height to fifty floors of a New York skyscraper, greater in massiveness than a dozen Chrysler Buildings, as strong and durable as the Rock of Gibraltar. The lake it will form will be the largest artificial body of water on the

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globe, a reservoir in which both New York and Chicago could be lumped and buried.

Despite the long discussions, or, perhaps because of their dullness, the significance of Boulder Dam is little understood except in isolated points in the Southwest. And even there few have the historical perspective to see the undertaking as it is — the culmination of exactly four centuries of a romantic search for wealth and glory. Indeed, except geographers, few realize that the Colorado is the third largest river in the country, and only economists know that in its mud-laden current flows more wealth than even Cortez imagined was in the El Dorado to his north.

As a matter of fact it was the unslakable thirst of Cortez, the greatest of the Conquerors, that gave the impetus to what is now being realized. Unsatiated after conquering the Aztecs and confiscating their wealth, Cortez was determined to find the Seven Cities of Cibola, the mythical towns which he believed were literally paved with gold and studded with gems, and in the search for them, El Rio Colorado, the Red River, was found.

THE discovery was made by Captain Hernando Alarcón, who had been dispatched on the hunt for the streets of gold. He came up the Gulf of California and into the mouth of the Colorado in 1540, and, abandoning his galleons in the shallow water, ascended its tempestuous currents in skiffs all the way to what is now Needles, Arizona, some 100 miles below the site of the dam. But the country was so unbearably hot, so utterly dry, that he believed life above there was unsupportable. He returned to Mexico City to tell Mendoza, the successor of Cortez, that the wealth they sought was not there.

THE country up and down the last half of the Colorado's length is still as hot as when Alarcón found it, and the rainfall is just as meagre, but on its sands civilization is extending itself in giant strides. The discovery of gold in 1849 brought the first real settlers, thousands of whom pulled from the Plains to start out anew in their covered wagons, many of them to leave their bones bleaching in the sagebrush and greasewood. It required another half century for the civilization of the Southwest to right itself. And this was because it was not until the early 1900's that it was discovered that the Imperial Valley, a trough of land just above the Mexican border, was remarkably fertile when watered. Fifty thousand acres were placed under cultivation within a few years. Reclamation was extending rapidly until 1906, when the Colorado overflowed its silt banks and rushed into the Valley, forming the Salton Sea. The hurling of the Colorado back into its bed was an herculean job, and ever since the Southwest has shuddered at the prospect of another flood.

It was patent that the Colorado must be controlled. Roosevelt, always attentive to the West, saw it and asked Congress to act. But it was twenty-four years later, in June of this year, that Congress appropriated the first money to make the control real. I do not mean that Congress was laggard for all the twenty-four years: in the interval it provided the money needed to

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make the studies of the river, its flow and its habits, and to examine all the potential spots in the river to determine just where the control station could be placed.

IN THE meantime the farmers in the Imperial Valley — seventy thousand people live there — did what they could, and they now are about at the end of their resources. The appalling thing about the Colorado is that it is almost as great a carrier of silt as the Nile — its waters are always a muddy yellow. It is continuously depositing this silt near its mouth, actually raising its own bed a foot a year, until for long distances along the Imperial it flows on a ridge so much higher than the adjacent land that powerful dikes are constructed to hold it to its course.

Until you see the impounded Colorado it is difficult to comprehend that a short generation ago the Imperial Valley was as useless as the Mojave Desert, that Los Angeles, now the fifth city in the country in point of population, was a small trading centre on the ocean edge of this immense waste. Today the Imperial Valley is the most prolific farm land in the world.

Unfortunately, due to the caprice of the Colorado, this treasury stands in imminent danger of destruction, because, in the twenty-four years since the flood of 1906, all the levee building, extending higher every year, has been merely a temporary expedient. Abnormal snows in the Rockies next winter, a sudden burst of the spring sun to melt it quickly, and all the king's horses and all the king's men could not hold the river in check.

That is what Boulder Dam is to do. But, while that is its primary purpose, the dam will do several other things. Beside protecting the Imperial Valley it will permit the extension of reclaimed land, to what extent can not yet be determined, although five and a half million acres is the official estimate. It will thus add to our natural wealth beyond the dreams of Cortez, since it will provide profit not only for the owners of the land, but the laborers, and all the thousands of employees who market, distribute and haul the fruit in hundreds of refrigerated trains from the West to the East coast.

Nor is that all it will do. It will produce more hydro-electric power than any other generating unit in the world, and, though this is a by-product of its construction, the question of power distribution and sale has been the point of contention over which Congress and the Western States have done their arguing. It will produce one million horsepower, a volume of power comprehensible only to mathematicians. And, in addition to the electricity, it will give Los Angeles an unfailing water supply at this crisis in its growth. Los Angeles can not safely expand much further without a surer source of potable water.

INDEED, though each is a by-product, either the electric power or the water would justify the construction of the dam. But, at most, these are municipal problems, or private corporation problems, not of immediate concern to the Federal Government. The Federal Government has the responsibility of controlling our

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navigable streams and it always has exerted itself to bring arid land to productivity.

The nearest town to the site of the dam is Las Vegas, Nevada, 297 miles by motor road from Los Angeles, up over the Cajon Pass, and down into the Mojave Valley, past the entrance to Death Valley at Baker. The site of the dam is thirty-one miles further on, over a washboard road that penetrates a bumpy, twisting pass in the River Range. It is inaccessible from land except for mountain climbers who have several days and Alpine equipment to make the last mile and a half. You must go by boat down the swirling river. It rushes you along in fifteen minutes, but to return against the powerful current requires four times as long in a small boat driven by a ninety horsepower motor.

From the level of the river the foundations of the dam will be sunk 137 feet, extending not only across the 350 feet of the river's width, but also fifty feet further into each of the cliff sides, as anchors. The dam will be in the shape of an inverted funnel, made solid, of course, tapering in width as it rises. At the bottom it will rest on solid rock and extend 650 feet up and down the river, its maximum thickness, thinned by graduated steps toward the top, where it will be 40 feet thick.

Technically, it will be what engineers call a curved, gravity structure, designed for a maximum stress of 30 tons to the square foot. Although the general design of the dam has been determined upon, its detailed plans still are being worked out under the direction of Raymond F. Walter, the Chief Engineer of the Bureau of Reclamation at Denver.

The first work is entirely preliminary. First, a railroad must be built over the desert and on up the granite mountains to the dam site; and, in addition to it, a motor road, not only to the site, but to a new town, which, a year from now, will have blossomed in the centre of the desert.

Mr. Walter's engineers were divided into squads. One scoured the country for gravel and sand beds for the concrete. Another laid out the site of the new town — Boulder City is the commonly accepted name — which the Government will erect to house 4,000 people — workers and their families — and which must include besides streets and dwellings such items as schools, stores, and sewerage, water and electric systems.

Already two contracts have been awarded, one for an aerial photographic map of the area of the dam; another for similar maps of the canyon walls at the dam site. All during July airplanes whizzed over the country-side, startling the mountain buzzards as they hummed aloft, sweeping and diving across the river while the photographers in the fuselages snapped away.

As I drove back from Emery's shack to Las Vegas, up the twelve mile grade to take me through the River Range Pass, I saw the engineers far out on the shadeless desert driving stakes and tying white rags to the greasewood bushes as they marked off the route of the railroad. And then, on the day I left Las Vegas, the whole town of 500 was eagerly bustling about, excited by the announcement from Denver that Dr.

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Mead and Carl R. Gray, president of the Union Pacific Railroad, had decided to begin at once to lay the twenty-seven miles of shiny new rails over which 5,000,000 barrels of cement will be hauled.

And thus the preliminaries are proceeding methodically, step by step. It is the immensity of the project that has caused the designing engineers to proceed with caution. The structure they determine upon must be capable of holding back a lake 575 feet deep, some ten miles wide in spots and about 115 miles long, between 26,000,000 and 29,000,000 acre feet of water, enough to cover the whole State of Kentucky one foot deep. The strength required is enough to give pause to the most audacious. Their calculations must be right, since, should the dam fail under strain, half a dozen cities would be wiped out and the lives of 100,000 people directly imperiled in a rush of water that, for force, would reduce the last calamitous flood of the Mississippi, by comparison, to the upsetting of a bucket.

No one, however, feels the slightest danger in the undertaking. All of the fundamental problems were weighed and passed upon in 1928 by a board of five engineers, consisting of Major-General William L. Sibert, chairman; D. W. Mead and Robert Ridgway, consulting engineers; and W. J. Mead and Charles O. Berkey, consulting geologists. They reported that the idea, with modifications since made, was safe, economic and eminently feasible.

It will be at least eight years, possibly more, before the dam is quite complete, but long before that, no doubt, the river will be under control and the hydro-electric plant will be operating. This will be practicable because of the general plan of construction and the general scheme of the plant.

After the railroad, the highway and the new town are built, the first contracts will be awarded for the boring through the mountains of four tunnels, fifty feet in diameter and each about 4,000 feet long, two on each side of the river, and all through solid rock — a tremendous engineering achievement in itself, but in this case merely an accessory. When these are completed the river will be diverted through them, and cofferdams will be erected above and below the spot upon which the big dam will be built.

With the river running through the diversion tunnels and the cofferdams holding back seepage, the bed of the river will be dried out and steam shovels will be lowered down the cliffs to dig out the silt and sand and gravel until the bed rock is uncovered. When this is reached the pouring of concrete will start. This seems simple, but it is estimated that it will require two years and eight months alone to pour all of it — some three and a half million cubic yards — the largest thing of its kind ever done.

As the dam slowly rises between the cliffs, the power plant, a horseshoe design, will be built directly into it, on the down-stream side, extending along the canyon walls, and the turbines will be installed as fast as construction permits. As the dam rises higher and higher the water flowing through the

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diversion tunnels will pass through the turbines, giving them the power to turn the generators that will produce the 1,000,000 horsepower.

And thus, if the dam is completed by 1940, which now seems most probable, the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of El Rio Colorado by the gold-hunter Alarcón will be celebrated with the most fitting climax that man of the modern age could devise. For gold will have been found — the sort that flows through copper wires; and gems, too, the gems that blossom on trees and vines — the product of one year's flow of the Colorado, worth more than all the gold and jewels Cortez and the Kings of Spain ever took from the Aztecs.

Prayer

By Merab Eberle

Thy footsteps sound among the stars
And they are sands unto Thy feet.
The ages surge across Thy brow
And they are seconds in Thy reckonings.
Oh, what am I —
Breath spewed from the mouth of nothingness —
To beat against omnipotence with my small cry?
Yet God of the magnificences
Let me but know Thee once before I die.

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The Mexican Maze

Snatches of Life in Aztec Lands

By Carleton Beals

A General in gold braid, one of the great chiefs of the land, sits in the Don Quixote ballroom of the Regis Hotel in Mexico City. Two light ladies in frowsy silk evening dresses fondle his fat jowls and sip champagne. Suddenly, with bleary eyes, he rises from the table, draws his revolver, and shouts, "Somebody's laughing at me. If anybody cracks a smile, I'll shoot him dead." The jazz slithers to a blank. Stillness clamps down upon the gay dance hall. Not a glass clinks. The white-bosomed pelican waiters slink into the corners.

The Great Chief turns and blazes away with his gun at one of the panels of the expensive Don Quixote tiles that line the establishment. They tumble down, crashing in a cloud of plaster.

* * *

A heavy set man in a movie in Córdoba, Vera Cruz, hammers the floor with his gold headed cane, and shouts, "Music, give us music!"

A runty policeman slides down the aisle and asks the *caballero* to desist from disturbing the public order, then returns to his post.

The heavy set man stops his noise, but even in the dark his creased fat neck glows angrily. Presently he rises, strides to the rear of the theatre.

"Pam, pam!" The runty policeman falls in a pool of blood.

The heavy set man is a General. No one shall reprimand him.

* * *

Meet General "Aspirin" and his aide.

"I have a headache, my General."

"Here is some aspirin," says the General, and blows his aide's brains out.

It is a good joke. Everyone laughs heartily.

* * *

General X. enters Uruapan and falls in love with the daughter of a French drygoods man. She repulses him. He arrests her brother. The virtual surrender of the girl is the price of liberation. In this way he forces himself into the family, finally shooting the brother under some pretext, anyway. The father protests to higher authorities. The General burns down his store.

The tables turn. The General be-

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comes a rebel. He is captured and taken to the cemetery to be shot. On the way, with a debonair smile he tosses his silver-braided sombrero to a passing girl.

Romance knots her heart. She rallies other girls of the town; they rush into the cemetery and interpose themselves before the firing squad. She is the daughter of the leading personage of the community. The Federals do not fire. The General is saved. He marries her. She is his fourth wife.

* * *

GENERAL Z. and the wealthy *hacendado*, Irigoyen, sit over a banquet in the manor house. The table is littered with expensive china and wine-glasses.

The *hacendado* toasts the General with champagne.

"Benítez, the Agrarian leader, is stirring up the peasants to ask the Agrarian Commission for my lands," complains the *hacendado*.

"Leave it to me," boasts General Z.

Ten thousand pesos in bills change hands.

The next day Benítez is loaded into a cattle car of a passing train and threatened with death if he ever shows up again in the district controlled by General Z. Thus is justice meted out.

* * *

A man in an embroidered leather jacket, tall gray braided sombrero, and skin tight trousers, and an officer sit over the *tequila* in the private "Pullman" of a Guadalajara cantina.

Says the officer with a leer, "Next Tuesday, two thousand rounds of cartridges, five machine guns, and two hundred rifles will arrive in Actópan. The Federal garrison will then be reduced to fifteen men."

"In that case, the 'Hail, Christ the King' rebels will very likely attack the town," chuckles the other. "They can well use such supplies." Twenty-five thousand in bills change hands.

The officer visits the nearest jewelry store, buys his newest sweetheart a two thousand peso diamond ring, and telegraphs two hundred pesos to his wife and five children in Mexico City.

* * *

LOS ALTOS in Jalisco is declared a combat zone. All the inhabitants are ordered to migrate into concentration centres under penalty of being considered Catholic rebels.

"Let me leave ten men on my hacienda to harvest the crop," pleads the owner of the Hacienda Estrella.

"If a man is there after May first, he'll be shot," announces General F., who has risen with the ideals of the revolution and now owns an entire block of the most fashionable residences in Guadalajara. "He'll be shot," reiterates the General emphatically, "unless, of course. . . ."

"What would be the consideration?" demands the owner.

"You might contribute fifteen thousand pesos to the Social Defense fund," announces General F., "in cash delivered to me personally."

"I have no ready cash."

"Too bad," declares General F.

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and dictates orders to an aide as the owner leaves the office.

Colonel M., Sixth Regiment:—

Send captain and twenty-five men to harvest crop Hacienda Estrella, same to be delivered as promptly as possible ready for shipment at Station Ocotlán.

General F.

* * *

DOWN from Guadalajara to Colima, all day under the hot sun, the train-guard rides in an open steel car, sides slit for rifle holes. In the morning, the soldiers build fires on the steel bottom, toast tortillas, and boil coffee, into which they drop a lump of sweet panocha. All day they ride, stretching red serapes for shade, playing with Spanish cards for cartridges, thrumming guitars, telling yarns.

With them, as mascot, goes an eleven year old boy, cartridge belt crisscrossed over his chest, rifle in his hand, straw sombrero tilted cockily over one ear, his black touseled hair hanging into his perky eyes.

The train swings through a rocky pass. "Man the rifle holes!" cries the captain.

Suddenly a withering fire whips down from behind a cropping of rock. The mascot gives a cry. His sombrero flies into the air. His teeth smash-smash against the sprawling feet of a machine gun.

The train rolls on without being stopped.

"Where do they get their ammunition?" complains the captain, handing his smoking rifle to a soldier to be cleaned and reoiled.

Two other soldiers dump the boy's body over the edge into the abyss. "We aren't supposed to have his kind along. It would look bad," declares the captain.

A soldier with a pocked face and a thick-lipped mouth rips a flower from the cord of his visor and tosses it after the body.

* * *

FIGURES in snowy garb walk the white, white road to Totuta between rows of white-trunk palms. The slight breeze slides over the hot limestone, which crops out in gray masses from the thin soil of the Yucatán peninsula. The balmy wind is sirupy, saturated with the incense of papaya, rotting bananas, bitter oranges, humid smells of writhing gourd-vines. It rustles the sail-like banana leaves and the tall crests of the coconuts leaning against the moon-plated sky. Through the corn milpas it passes, whispering mythical tales of this land of the pheasant and the deer. We heed its mystery as we walk the white, white palm road to Totuta. A little rise, and there beyond is the jungle, a limitless sea of silver.

From the distance comes regular booming, like drums of doom, uncanny in the still white world. The sound gathers up into itself the deep-bosomed uncanniness, the potent strangeness of this setting becomes portentous. We reach the town and discover the mysterious primitive thud produced by a modern Delco light plant.

The oval, white-plastered, thatched houses cluster close together. Such a house is the hotel. At the entrance is a weeping throng, the eighth day of mourning for a lost child. The mourners are drinking

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atole, ground corn in milk and water, flavored with cinnamon. The *atole* water has been made holy and efficacious by boiling in it the finger and toe-nails of the deceased.

Two women extract themselves from the keening group and usher me into a plain, white-walled room. In spite of the evening breeze, the hotel is sultry. Though the doors and windows are left wide open, all night I toss restlessly in my hammock. Strange world! For long unreal hours, I listen to the wails of the mourners, the incessant zzzz of a bell at the entrance to a movie house across the street. The zzzz alternates with the screech of one phonograph record played over and over and that relentless balance-wheel of sound — dark portency like some fugue of death — the drumming thud of the electric light plant.

MORNING breaks glaring hot. And the people, all in spotless white, melt into wall and shadow unobtrusively, quietly. Their speech, too, melts — soft Chinese-sounding Maya. But they walk erect and proud. The hair of the women is sleeked back from slanting curved foreheads, and massed in divided rolls at the back of the neck, just as it appears on the ancient Maya stone carvings. Their white one-piece dresses, cut square over buxom brown breasts, arms bare, are embroidered at every hem in rich red patterns of orchids and roses, of deer and herons. This dress falls to the knees; below is the full petticoat of exquisite lace, rustling about slim bare ankles — the dress of ancient times, seen also in the carvings, save that now occasionally the embroidery is sewed on German machine-made importations, cleverly imitating designs that were evolved long before the time when the Saxons crouched in skins and ate raw meat by the gloomy shores of the North Sea.

I SEEK shade by massive scalloped walls, painted and repainted a dozen delicate tints, now peeling so that all colors are inextricably blended like a series of phantom rainbows, a palimpsest of fairy azures and amethysts and pinks. Over these walls are draped the flaming orange-red blossoms of leafless *flamboyón* trees. I come to the vast deserted castle, built centuries ago by the Spaniards for the pride of the last of the great Maya chiefs as a price of rendition. Now a huge *zopilote* crouches, with black outstretched wings and raw-red head, upon the cupola above the crumbling façade.

The market. Clean white-washed walls rise above a floor, made of a native cement laboriously ground by hand, a floor identical with those that once graced the great ancient stone temples of Uxmal and Chichén Itzá, when we Anglo-Saxons were still living in miserable huts. Potatoes for sale, each carefully washed, lie in neat piles on clean white canvas.

Such is a picture of the Maya peoples of Southeast Mexico — Yucatán, Tabasco, Quintana Roo, Campeche. And on beyond are their brethren, the Quiches and Lacandons, a tide of busy brown people overflowing the highlands of Guatemala and the Petén and Alta Vera Paz.

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Near Mérida, the capital of Yucatán.

I stand beside the tomb of martyred Felipe Carrillo Puerto, a great race chief of our times, who freed his people from the serfdom of the *henequén finca*. Dead now, but I hear his voice, talking in that fine tone of his, night after night, as we walk through the soft tropic dark. He tells me of his hopes and plans for the people of his race. I see him standing in the heavy shadow of the great temple of Chichén Itzá. Its white columns glisten in the moonlight, rise in white glory out of the black expanse of jungle. "We must restore the old monuments, that my people have pride in their race and build again as they built of old.

"We must tell them of their brethren in slavery — the dark peoples of Africa, of Asia, of India, all struggling toward the light. Some day, perhaps not far distant, we shall make a league of all the mute peoples of the earth, that they know their ways are as righteous as those of the powerful."

I SEE him, back in Diaz's days, a mere boy, striking the lash from the hand of a brutal overseer, and being dragged off to jail.

I see him reading the Mexican Constitution to the Mayas in their own tongue, that they may know their rights, and being dragged off to jail again.

I see him sweltering in tropic prisons for seven long years, waiting, hoping, spirit unbroken, striding forth more confident than ever.

The hour is struck. He is ruler of Yucatán.

"We have used force, now let us use love," are his words to the white-clad throngs that flock everywhere to hear him, to see him, to touch the hem of his garments.

"In the name of Jesus, you have been betrayed," he declared at a ceremony transforming a church into a community centre. "In the name of Jesus, you have been driven under the lash. In the name of your ancient gods, I declare you free."

For such words the "Generals" assassinated him.

He was the Gandhi of the Mayas. He is dead. But every year the white-clad folk bring flowers to his tomb, like a tide of new hope.

* * *

TEHUANTEPEC drowses among its rolling hills by the silver river where nude brown bodies flash in the sun. Women with white kerchiefs about their heads wash clothes on the golden sands. Red-tasseled burros pass, loaded with water from wells dug in the river bank.

It is fiesta time. A solemn yet happy crowd is gathered under a thatched *ramada* fully fifty feet long and thirty feet wide and decorated with colored tissue paper, hung on strings in the fashion of prehistoric religious celebrations. A few dagger thrusts of sun cut sharp through the wattle walls, striking on the pinks and greens and reds of silk skirts; upon embroidered blouses, yellow on red; upon heavy necklaces of clinking coins — fire on gold — which hang from dusky necks, over brown skin more velvety smooth than any white woman knows. Huge, fan-shaped lace headdresses quiver above black eyes. Every movement, every hint of

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mirth, is translated into quiver of lace. And from beneath the long ruffles of pure expensive lace fully a foot wide, peep bare feet, faultlessly clean, nails carefully manicured.

At the head of the hall sit the Principales, headmen from seven of the *barrios* or wards of the town, all in spotless starched white, their shirt-tails hanging out Chinese fashion. The stranger is greeted with grave words of formal courtesy from unsmiling faces. He must drink a *copita* of *mescal*, take luke-warm chocolate, thick and cinnamon-flavored, drink the curd-like corn-meal *atole*, and partake of native pastry. If he wishes, he may then with good grace contribute a modest fee for the expenses of the fiesta. With this ceremony he becomes part of the assemblage, free to dance with whom he pleases — provided the girl is willing and has no *novio* scowling in the offing with his hand on his knife.

It is early yet. The older folk have their chance, tracing out the steps of the venerable *zandunga*, the historical dance of Tehuantepec — a slow weaving motion to a slow moaning unmelodious music.

As the day advances, jazz pushes the *zandunga* aside. The young folk will one-step and fox-trot and waltz. After their own fashion, for all of these dances will not be exactly as we know them; it is difficult to glide on dirt floors with bare feet; the one-step is a hopping whirl — rapid, exhilarating, energetic, sensuous.

A visiting woman from an Oaxacan hill-village is eyeing you speculatively. Perhaps she will offer you her virgin daughter to be taken up to the double baths — for fifty pesos; or mayhap for nothing, if she is pleased with you. Not prostitution, but a venerable custom. In her branch of the Zapoteca, a virgin is not marriageable. And so the parents look after the preliminary nuptials with zealous care, and are not averse to turning the transaction to financial advantage, provided they can find an *extranjero* (Mexican or otherwise) who values virginity higher than their own native men-folk.

The regular Tehuantepec courtship has its formalities. A youth, wishing to marry a girl, flirts with her until he sees that she is amenable to his advances. Thereupon, he will choose the best of his loved possessions — the best cow, or if he has no cow, the best sheep, or the best pig, or the best turkey, or the best chicken — and leave it at the door of his prospective father-in-law. If the offering is accepted, he is then an established suitor. He may follow the first offering with a load of wood. Negotiations are begun. The nearest relative of the youth calls upon the father of the daughter; and after various formalities, the matter is finally arranged. But among the poorer people, the woman often takes the initiative in picking a mate; her methods are always much more direct.

Yet not two villages of Zapotecs and Mixtecs, the races to whom the Tehuanes belong, are quite alike in their ways. Some are more "civilized," others closer to their original customs. Between many of them exists extreme rivalry. In some villages the women are considered very immoral, in others very chaste. But all of them, to the outsider, seem grave

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and formal on set occasions, delightfully jolly and honest in more casual relationships. These people extend from Chiapas up through Oaxaca and Vera Cruz, and strive to maintain their own language and customs. They are loyal to their *patria chica* — their little fatherland.

An old lady in the market winked at me, asking for a cigarette. "The young lady to whom you are talking (a quite beautiful Tehuana) is your sweetheart, is she not?"

"I would be enchanted if that were the case," I replied, "but I fear the young lady would not have me."

"Oh, yes, I would," retorted the Tehuana, "but for one difficulty: you would want to take me away from Tehuantepec, and a true Tehuana never leaves her *tierra*."

* * *

EVERY year on the twelfth of December the people of Mexico turn their faces toward Guadalupe Hidalgo, the New World Ganges of Mexico, shrine of the first miraculous appearance of the Virgin Maria on Mexican soil. The *camino real* swarms with pilgrims, many of them walking barefoot or on their knees. The roads leading to holy Guadalupe are rivers of bobbing sombreros.

At the portals of the great cathedral, the poor Mexican José wedges his way through a crushing, ragged, dirty throng all joyous and eager. Within, he faces the symbols of Aztec glory and Spanish power. Between celebrations of mass, Indian dancers in jackets and red pantaloons decked out with feathers and shells and mirrors and glass jewels, shuffle to the tune of one-stringed armadillo guitars. The towering arches and huge vault swell to majestic height above massive columns, impressing the cringing *pelado* with his impotent insignificance and the awfulness of God. In the dim light, the solid gold and silver balustrades and chandeliers, half obscured by clouds of sweetish incense and the smoke of many yellow candle-flames, gleam with heavy barbaric splendor and fling quick glints upon the broad copper-crusted prayer-engraved tablets which sink into the black brocaded walls between ascetic saints peering gauntly down from rich faded paintings. The lights flicker on brown skins, leap into flame in rapt eyes. Oriental profuseness and mysticism, Egyptian massiveness, brood within this sacred basilica.

BEFORE the majesty of the greatest Church of the world and grandeur and grotesqueness of its Aztec antecedents, the poverty-stricken José trembles on his knees with his lighted taper, in front of the flaming altar. With real and honest worship, he watches the tall, fat, big-jowled priest in his robes of ermine and velvet pass among the ragged, shining-eyed crew — past a woman who without the least show of embarrassment nurses her baby at her bare breast; past the boy who munches peanuts as religiously as he recites his prayers; past the starving consumptive who ejects his bloody sputum upon the floor beside kneeling worshippers; past the mangy dogs — past the great unwashed that knows more of catechism than of soap.

At the drone of the chants, the swelling peal of the full-voiced organ,

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the sonorous surge of the liturgy, the stricken peon's emotion masters him — he bursts into weeping. Finally he places his lighted candle before his favorite saint, drops two or three days' wages into the pittance box and passes with his shaken soul into the balmy sunlight of God.

* * *

One fine twilight in the Durango Sierras, when I was pushing on anxiously to a village in order not to have to sleep in the open, I came upon a place where the rock walls of the ravine made a natural chapel. In a niche of rock stood a black cross bearing a white Christ, bent head crowned with a gilt chaplet of thorns, skin stained with long, bloody streaks. Before it knelt a lone Indian, arms outstretched, body inclined, face suffused with appeal and hope.

I finally broke his trance. "Where, pray tell, is the village? . . . Do you belong to the village?"

He crossed his bony hands respectfully over his white blouse. "*Si, señor.*"

"Why, then, are you out here so late where the wild beasts may harm you? Is there no Christ in your village? Why don't you pray to Him?"

"Ah, señor, the Christ in the village is always busy. He has so much to do. Everybody asks Him to do things. And who am I? Nobody, nobody." A lugubrious shake of the head. "Do you think the great Christ in the village would remember what I ask? But this Christ is lonely. Few people pay any attention to Him. He is humble like myself. He has more time to listen to me, to do what I ask."

We sit on a platform draped with red bunting in the church-yard at Cuatla: the Governor of the State, high dignitaries faultlessly clad, peasant leaders in high-crowned sombreros. Below us is the white marble tomb of Emiliano Zapata, the black mustached whirlwind of the Agrarian revolution in South Mexico. Incongruously, his tomb is surmounted by a sentimental angel, holding an unrolled scroll. About her pedestal are great masses of flowers, and huge purple funeral wreaths, sent from all the villages around. The churchyard is choked with peasants, wearing *guaraches* on their feet, clad in white pyjamas and enormous broad-brimmed sombreros. Here and there gleams a scarlet serape flung gracefully over stalwart shoulders. The throng crowds under the languid palm trees, in every nook and corner; brown-faced men are perched like white birds along the high surrounding walls.

Later, from the Governor's palace, we look down upon ten thousand mounted Agrarians, riding by in formation on their wiry cayuses. Huge silver-embroidered felt and straw sombreros bob to the slow gait of the horses. The riders carry their guns, butt against the knee, or strapped to their pommels. Many of them wear white plaited blouses, shirt-tails out; others are in gray flannel.

The revolution is over now. But once these same men thundered out of the rocky fastness of Morelos, dashing with quirt and spur and cry of liberty down upon this same town, upon Cuernavaca, upon Yautépec. "Land and Water!" "Land and

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Schools!" "Land and Liberty!" were their cries.

* * *

Come the seekers for oil, sniffing along the "golden lane" of Tamaulipas for hidden black treasure. On that lane lives a humble family, Señor Ignacio Ramírez and his sweet young bride. She is dark of skin, and wears beautiful red and gold embroidered *huipiles* and flowers in her black hair. Their cornfield whispers song at the caress of the breeze from the Gulf; their orchards shed blossoms in the early spring. They are happy, little knowing that under their feet flows the black tide of power, which turns turbines and flings battleships across far seas.

THE oil seekers try to buy Ramírez's property. He is happy as he is; he refuses. So they try to lease merely the oil rights. Ramírez ponders. Money after all is good. Why should he give over his wealth cheaply. He has heard tales: Cerro Azul, making hundred of millions; wells that gush tens of thousands of barrels of the precious black liquid in a day.

He demands a million dollars for his property.

Two nights later he is murdered. The culprits are arrested by the police, but the military commandant snatches them away to the island prison fortress of San Juan de Ulloa. Later they are poisoned.

Sadly Concha walks through the whispering cornfield: its songs are different now.

Some days later, she notices a foreigner in a wide Texas hat, riding past her gate. He is young and handsome, probably an American. Every day he rides by. One morning he asks her for a drink of water. They talk.

He claims to be a rancher, further up in the Sierra. He is very nice and courteous; and he seems to like her. She looks after him a bit wistfully.

She does not know that he is a lawyer for one of the most powerful foreign petroleum companies, that he is a Southern gentleman with violent color prejudices.

Now he stops at her gate every day. He makes love to her and ere long she responds to his simulated passion. There are long walks under the swollen tropic moon; junkets by the rippling shore. At first she was afraid, thinking he wishes merely to possess her. But he offers marriage. The day is set. Her former husband is a remote dream now.

One day, he suggests that a marriage contract should be signed. Such a course is always customary among his people. This seems foolish to Concha but she acquiesces. He is a sun god to her; anything he says must be wholly right.

THEY journey to an elegant office in Tampico. There are numbers of men, some Mexican, some foreigners. They have hard wolfish faces, or soft cunning feline faces — but simple Concha does not perceive this. There are champagne and congratulations; and then papers. Long typewritten sheets. She is to sign here.

She takes up the pen, hesitates a moment.

Breathless suspense. Is she going to refuse to sign? No, she is merely looking for the proper line. She signs.

She has given away all of her oil rights. She is dispossessed. The blond foreigner rides by no longer.

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A Lobbyist Tells

By One of the Craft

Nobody wants to be called a lobbyist.

At least a thousand lobbyists daily strut the streets of Washington. "Legislative Representatives," "agents," "counsels," they immaculately call themselves. Or "Washington Representative" for a change. Sweeter names. Yet every one of them is trying, for one reason or another, in a variety of ways, to direct the course of legislation in the Congress. Lobbying. But how they dread the word!

Take my case. For six years I was a lobbyist in Washington. "Legislative secretary" was my official title. I worked to advance a programme of legislation which was earnestly supported by a considerable body of citizens, believed to be in the public interest, and of which I wholeheartedly approved. A thoroughly enticing combination. But lobbying. I blushed in protest at the name. I am not a lobbyist any more.

It is really very curious. Every other profession, trade, or craft manages to rise above the reputations of its worst members and to clear its skirts of past sins. Not so lobbying. For in spite of the fact that honorable and intelligent men and women engage in lobbying from motives of public service, the furtive air of its most disreputable adherents clings to the name itself, and with its dubious glamour embraces all who bear it. A lobbyist! Every tourist wants to see one, and wonders with ecstatic murmurs just how it feels to be one.

Now, I can not justify those disturbing quivers. I have been a lobbyist, but my memories are quite innocent of the dazzling purple patches which identify the lobbyist of fiction. I never used persuasion which smacked of blackmail. I never won a vote by threat or promise. No Bacchanalian orgy figured in my schedule. They say that lobbyists work that way. In that case I must have been a great actress, a regular sheep in wolf's clothing.

For this is a sample of what I did. I studied Government reports and the records of social agencies. I interviewed experts. I knew about statistics and I was on committees. I wrote articles and memoranda. I spent days and even weeks interviewing members of the Congress on subjects as provocative as the nation's infant death rate. There is nothing especially giddy about that. It is exceedingly hard work. Remembering to yourself, "Be clear, be quick — don't argue. Be patient." Tact-

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fully saying it over another way. Making the essential points again. Displaying just enough learning, but never too much. Remembering that men are always right. While your feet ache, and you wonder why the voters in their wisdom ever did it. Then a last sentence he will be sure to remember — just the right amount of deferential gratitude. A thank-you to the secretary. Out in the marble hall again.

And on to the next man on your list. Summon your thoughts and your data. What you know about his State and his district. And him. Then do it all over again. Statistics sugar-coated. Argument engagingly presented. Neatly, quickly, firmly. Answer his questions fully. Let him tell his story. Applaud. Then lead him gently back to the subject. Go over it simply and clearly again. Promise to prepare the memoranda. To bring in the comparative analysis. Leave before he starts another story. Control yourself. Don't ask to use the telephone and be put down as an office nuisance. Remember the pay station a block down the marble floor. Even though your feet ache. Now, the next man on your list.

THEN at the end of a day total up your accounts. Memoranda you must prepare. Analysis you agreed to make. Objections to be met. Letters to be written. Heels to be straightened. That's lobbying. A faithful drudge with a hussy's reputation. It isn't done with oblique glances. At least the kind of lobbying I know.

I have heard rumors of the gaudy parties when the lobbyists of those "special interests" entertain. Vine leaves in their hair. And it is commonly reported that the most persuasive never are encountered at the Capitol or in the Office Buildings, their drooping arches painfully protesting at the marble miles. Theirs is an unknown world to me. The lobby of the men whose favor means a campaign contribution, influence, and power. Big executives. That is not the kind of lobbying I know. I never even saw them.

Of course, I used to stumble on the fringe, the lower strata, of the business lobby. The buttonholers. Waylaying Senators on their way to the lunchroom. Nudging and poking. Telling "the one about . . ." as an introduction, maybe. Acting mysterious and intimate. A good many people seem to think that all lobbying is done that way, that a lobbyist's life is just one happy accident after another.

I REMEMBER once I came down the stairs leading from the Senate to the lunchroom just as a group of fairly flapperish visitors were gathered there. I suppose I looked at them inquiringly, because a nice old colored waiter took me for a solitary tourist, and came to whisper in helpful explanation: "Lady, Senators is coming down these steps to lunch now — and them" — a gesture — "is lady lobbyists powderin' their noses."

Shades of earnest suffrage lobbies! Of the righteous W. C. T. U.! Of me with my bulging brief case. Lady lobbyists are seldom as siren-like as that.

They go to see the Senators and Representatives in their offices, and interview them by appointment in

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the morning before the sessions begin. They do not depend on the hazards of stairway encounters. They sit, as I did, hundreds of times, waiting with the friends from home who want to meet the President, the boys who want to go to West Point, complaining Government clerks, other lobbyists, competing for a moment of grace.

SENATORS have spacious offices in the Senate Office Building near the Senate wing of the Capitol, and Representatives are found in the House Office Building correspondingly near the House side. The buildings are equally handsome and both are connected with the Capitol by underground passageways so that the hazards of traffic and inclement weather are removed alike from all the law makers. But there is a difference in degree of comfort. In the subway on the Senate side a little car races, a mono-rail contrivance plunging back and forth, loaded with Senators, secretaries, lobbyists and visitors. House members walk. I never discovered why the discrimination exists. Perhaps the difference in the size of the two bodies accounts for it. You see, when the absence of a quorum is "suggested," or a roll call is "demanded" on the floor, signal bells ring in the Capitol and in the Office Building. If a leisurely Senator walked, and the customary Senatorial pace is not a swift one, ninety-six names might be called and recorded before his arrival. A House member has time to dismiss his caller, finish his lunch, or sign his mail before he starts. Even then he can stroll, for he knows that he has plenty of time before more than four hundred of his colleagues will have answered "Aye" or "Nay."

Senators are favored with other advantages. Their offices are suites, usually of three rooms — a private office for the Senator, one for his secretary, which is often the reception room too, and one for the stenographic staff. Most House members have only one room, where they read, interview, dictate and ponder with no safeguard against invasion. Some lobbyists like that cozy arrangement. Certainly a Representative can not say he is "in conference" when he wants to mull over the events of the day. I liked the Senate better. I preferred to be announced, and to have my name and business known before my entrance. Lobbying was bad enough, any way.

BUT sadly enough, all interviewing can not be within the shelter of an office. Some men prefer to be called off the floor in moments of placid debate, and prefer it or not, in emergencies some get called off. Then, a page takes in a lobbyist's card and a responsive Senator can be interviewed in a stately reception room just off the Senate Chamber, and willing Representatives less circumspectly, in the marble corridor just outside the entrance to the House. The Senate reception room is more restful. It is very nice, except for one thing. The chairs and sofas which line its walls are upholstered with shiny black leather cushions, air inflated like the friendly water wings of childhood memory. And when a cordial Senator waves you to a seat and takes the one beside you it is fairly disconcerting to meet complete resistance in those cushions and

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to discover that the soft appearances of their bulges is entire deceit. Only time and weight can make you comfortable, so while a slender caller is still high and rigid, a heavier Senator sinks with swiftness into a relaxing hollow. I weighed a scant one hundred and ten. It was a fearful handicap to find myself so stiffly high above a mighty Senator.

I SAT for hour upon hour in the galleries of the House and Senate when I was lobbying. Not only as the measures I was guarding approached their turn, but to fill those restless moments when Members were busy, Senators were engaged. From that point of vantage I saw blocs grow lusty, disappear and come to power again. I learned to know the mark of a filibuster. I saw an impeachment begun, and I heard a vote of censure given. Those are the things I remember after six years of a lobbyist's life in Washington. Much I have forgotten. The wearing visiting of man after man. The moments of tense anxiety and the pleasure of success. The Congress I remember is the one I saw from my gallery seat.

Scenes like this. April, 1926. Every Senator is in his place while nine solemn members of the House of Representatives grimly file in. And the clerk proclaims:

"Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye! All persons are commanded to keep silence, on pain of imprisonment, while the House of Representatives is exhibiting to the Senate of the United States articles of impeachment against Honorable George W. English, Judge of the United States Court for the Eastern District of Illinois."

More sober still when the accused Judge English sat stolid and impassive while the Sergeant-at-arms bawled out:

"George W. English! George W. English! George W. English! District Judge of the United States for the Eastern District of Illinois! Appear and answer to the articles of impeachment exhibited by the House of Representatives."

The stentorian challenge went unanswered, because the Judge resigned, and the articles of impeachment were withdrawn in order that time might be conserved for legislative business. The somber drama ended, but the picture is still vivid in my memory.

TAKE that scene or this. The Chamber of the House of Representatives was crowded. And that in itself was startling, for it is no uncommon sight to see fifty out of more than four hundred Representatives present on the floor. Only a crisis brings every man to a seat.

This time it was a proposal to raise the salaries of members of Congress from seventy-five hundred to ten thousand dollars a year. There was some opposition to the increase, and hostile members tried to force a record vote, on the theory that men would be reluctant to be recorded voting for any increase in their own remuneration. Under the rules, one-fifth of the members have to demand the "ayes" and "nays" before the laborious roll call is begun. The advocates of pitiless publicity were seven short of the required number. So the vote was by a division, and the salary increase carried with 237

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anonymous ayes, and 93 unknown nays.

And the scene I so pleasurably remember is of row upon row of blushing men with softly lowered lashes. Shyly downcast glances. Shamefaced schoolboys taking prizes!

IN GENERAL the House of Representatives is a dull show to watch. The Senate has the characters. Excitement or amusement comes quickly there, but rarely to the lower body. I remember only one felicitous moment or two. Saint Valentine's day in 1925, for example. Mr. Garrett, of Tennessee, then the Democratic leader, interrupted the regular order to announce that word had just been received of the birth of a daughter to the Speaker and Mrs. Longworth. He made a graceful little speech and there was much applause. At that point the militant Georgia dry, Congressman Upshaw, entered on his famous crutches. Right in the centre of the aisle, with much spirit but meagre data, he proceeded in this fashion:

"Mr. Speaker, I rise to add my congratulations to what has just been so beautifully said by the minority leader, and to further say that if the congested condition of legislation did not almost prohibit, I think it would be a proper recognition of this happy event to declare, like the hero of Ticonderoga 'in the name of the Continental Congress and the Lord God Almighty,' and also in the name of Theodore Roosevelt Longworth, or Nicholas Longworth, Jr., that this Congress should adjourn for the day." The Chamber echoed with the members' mirth, and above it all the blushing Upshaw and the galleries heard some one helpfully cry out "It's a girl." He took the laugh good-humoredly, and carried off the honors by concluding, "Suppose we call her Princess Alice Roosevelt Longworth and adjourn two days instead of one."

In the Senate there is scarcely a day without some touch of color or excitement. There are moments there when it is breath-taking just to hear one of the ninety-six answer "aye" or "no."

I USED to sit in the Senate gallery which is reserved for those who hold cards of admission bearing the signature of a Senator. As the number of cards is unlimited, the privilege is not as exclusive as it sounds. Most of the chronic guests sit there, and it is astonishing to discover how many visitors regularly follow the debate every day the Congress is in session. Some, of course, are lobbyists, on the job all the time and so sophisticated in procedure that their entrances and exits are an index to the importance of the moment on the floor below. They desert their places when the interest of the day is gone. Others are completely faithful, and never leave the gallery until the Senate quits the floor. A desperate few are waiting for the moment when a claim against the Government will be adjusted by the passage of a pending bill. For five years I saw one patient old man nervously waiting for a "Bill for the Relief of . . . " to come up and be passed. Meanwhile, he listened to endless talk on Prohibition and Farm Relief. He saw a treaty ratified. He was present when a bill for the control of floods was passed. Dilatory incidents to him, as he waited for the

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deathless moment when his bill would be enacted. Year by year I used to wonder if he would ever see his triumph and think it far more likely that he might expire in thin exasperation as he listened to his last debate on the merits of Branch Banking or Federal Aid for roads. He had the sympathy of all the regular attendants, for there was a sort of camaraderie established between us. A smile, a nod of the head, the exchange of an appreciative gesture between old-timers. It was a nice guild sense which excluded casual tourists but welcomed special guests.

IN THAT gallery I met a famous pioneer. It was several years ago that a patriarchial newcomer appeared. Every one recognized that he was no ordinary visitor, and soon it was whispered from seat to seat that the white-bearded ancient was Ezra Meeker. His life was almost rounding out a century. Bit by bit I heard his story. He had crossed the continent with patient ox-team in 1852 and years after in a slow and puffing train. When the automobile was still a novelty he motored from East to West. Last of all a swift-winged airplane had carried him across. These newer routes he held in light esteem. It was the first Oregon Trail that he loved. A bill to provide for its proper marking was on the Senate calendar, and Ezra Meeker had come to see it pass. He sat for days in that stuffy gallery, loyal to the memories of the first long hard road. A pioneer to the last.

Every once in a while some such figure would appear, and always the tone of the gallery responded to the motif of discussion on the floor. In the midst of a violent debate one day an indefatigable listener to the Senate confided with a rich sigh of pleasure, "I can't understand a word they say, but oh! how I love the sound of their voices."

AT THE moment it seemed an odd taste to me, because Senator Reed, of Missouri, was in the midst of a snarling argument. I never knew Senator Reed. It is customary to refer to him as "brilliant" or "forceful." I don't know about that. I shall remember him for the appalling vituperation which he used to direct at his opponents, for his total lack of inhibition, and for one remark that my memory may have wrongly attributed to him. But I think it was Senator Reed who called Senator Bingham the "tall pale sycamore from Connecticut." It may have been the sharp tongue of Senator Caraway or the malicious wit of Senator Harrison which prompted the scornful characterization and accomplished the momentary puncture of the vanity of Mr. Bingham.

True, the Senator from Connecticut is tall and straight and slender. He is pale. His hair is silver. His suits are usually gray. He walks with trailing clouds of glory ill concealed. Sometimes he refers to himself as an "Ambassador from Connecticut." Unquestionably he would have been enchanted if he could have known that he was once identified to the gallery as the Ambassador from Spain. I happened to come in just as the Senator was making a brief but fluent address in Spanish. Distinguished Spanish-speaking envoys were in the diplomatic gallery and the linguist of the Senate had been

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selected to greet them. One of those ever-present guests too full of information said to me as I sat down:

"That's the new Ambassador from Spain speaking. They let Ambassadors on the floor."

There was no new Ambassador from Spain and the privilege of the floor is not extended to foreign diplomats. The truth is, however, that Senator Bingham looks the part. Ambassador is just the word. Æsthetically he might be selected as the pattern of what the average citizen thinks a Senator should look like. I heard him make a speech once which was a first rate example of what a fourth grade school teacher should talk like. In kindly selected syllables he patiently explained to the Senate the difference between a pure democracy and a representative form of government. When his patronizing voice was silent, a less dulcet Senatorial tone remarked, "Well, thank the Lord I've got that straight now." After all Senators don't take each other too seriously, and they are fairly good judges of bunk.

IN SIX years of listening, I heard an immeasurable amount of debate in the Congress. It would be charming to report that all of it is brilliant and convincing. It would likewise be inventive, for while sometimes it is rapid fire argument, and occasionally eloquent oratory, there are other days when all the speeches make up a tedious filibuster.

Once I slipped in at a hearing when members of the militant Woman's Party were presenting to a sub-committee of the Senate Judiciary Committee the merits of their so-called Equal Rights Amendment. With considerable feeling a young woman had just ended a passionate plea that the members of the committee should not "keep women in the uncomfortable clothes of their grandmothers' time."

"I think I get you," was Senator Neeley's caustic comment. "If you're going back for your ancestor's clothing, it's your grandfather's pants you want to wear."

IN SPITE of the fact that I saw them dozens of times, I was always stirred when I met Indians in braids and blankets, or in more conventional civilian dress, wandering around the Capitol halls or appearing before the committees on Indian Affairs. Courage in defeat, I thought I saw. Or stoics in despair. I grew seasoned enough to hide my excitement — but I had a quick sympathy with a new girl reporter who wrote a gushing story about a "colorful scene, when Indians in their native costumes came to plead for their rights." Her hardboiled superior tore the pages up. "Hell, there's no news in that. They've been here every day for the twenty years I've been around."

There is scarcely a day when debate in the Congress fails to follow the news. Like this. Some time ago the public was implored from billboards to "reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet." Candy stores began a boycott, and one noon the Senate was barely assembled before the powerful Senator Smoot of the sugar-raising State of Utah rose in his place for a lengthy address on the intolerable infamy of the tobacco companies who dared to direct their

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advertising to women and girls. For, according to the authorities cited by Senator Smoot, the tobacco habit will ruin health and turn fair skins to the color of ash. He was a lonely figure as he stood there resolutely defending sweets and womanhood, because most of the Senators seized the hour to go out for a bite of lunch and a stout cigar. Senator Smoot's thin voice can scarcely be heard in the galleries, but The *Record* preserves his remarkable flights, and notes his indignant introduction of a bill to place tobacco under the jurisdiction of the Pure Food and Drug Act.

A FIRE, a murder, lives lost at sea. There will be a speech in the Senate next day. And some of them will be worth the hearing. I miss the Senate scene. I wonder if Senator Copeland still wears his daily pink carnation and if Senator Borah is guilty of that astounding haircut. Does Senator Johnson still adorn his speeches with "Sir" instead of the conventional "Mr. President?" Those are trivial musings. The memories they stir weigh small in the general enrichment of life perhaps, but one thing is certain. Because I have been a lobbyist, I shall be a better constituent. I will not ask for personal favors from my representatives, and I shall try not to make stupid and useless inquiries. I shall understand something of the difficulties that confront a man who is sincerely trying to do the public business. I shall remember what one Senator said to me:

"The most discouraging thing about this job," he confided, "is the attitude of the folks back home. Last week I went home. I've been working and fighting for weeks on an important proposition here, and I was pretty proud of what I had done. I had dinner with the people that made up my campaign committee, and I told them all about it. Do you know what they said? Just this. 'Why, is the Senate still fussing about that?'"

I shall try to follow the story and to appreciate industry and courage. After all, as a form of political education, lobbying is unequalled.

But it's not an easy way to get it. Study lessons like school children. Understand people like politicians. Such a lot of work to do. Man after man to see. Forget your disappointments. Hide your scorn. Pester politely. Never give up. Excitement. Despair. Satisfaction. That's lobbying.

I HAVE no tales of sudden conquests to recount or stories of conspiracies to share. I prove my innocence at the expense of pride. For this disturbing notion is aroused. If my remembrance is as immaculate as this mosaic, perhaps I never was such a very fine lobbyist, after all. But this I know: there is no better moment than the one which comes when a great issue is at stake, when every man is in his place, and in a tense expectant hush, the solemn clerk begins the steady roll call: "Mr. Allen, Mr. Ashhurst, Mr. Barkley." I'd bear the name of lobbyist for that!

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Making Flying Safe

What are the chances of safety for the average person who wants to fly?

By Howard Mingos

An airplane tumbled out of the sky a few weeks ago and sent many of its occupants to the hospital. The pilot was highly praised because the marvel of it was that all were not killed. But he did not receive half the credit due to him. He was a real hero, that fellow, as all who fly are heroes. He knew the risks he was taking.

He was working for an air transport company. Some smart executive on the ground had filled his machine to capacity with human freight. It was, in fact, overloaded. It required all its motor power to take off and get into the air with such weight. The pilot knew this. He was aware that contrary to the boasts of the builders the plane would not stay up if one of its engines stopped. But he also knew that without capacity loads the machine could not be flown at a profit. So he took a chance.

When an engine conked out cold he landed with consummate skill and, all things considered, exceedingly gratifying results. It might have been worse. But it was headline news just the same, and millions exclaimed:

"Another accident! Wonder if the darned things ever will be safe?"

They will, eventually.

People will one day grin at the picture of our present-day flying craft and wonder how we ever had the heart to use such machines. Scientists of the future will point out that we really knew no better and flew in our crude, inefficient and dangerous kites solely because they were the best we could build.

By then, however, they will have solved many of the puzzles with which nature is baffling our generation. The physicist and the chemist will have created materials so light and strong that they will defy the laws of gravity. Various forms of electrical energy now barely visualized by the research worker will provide magnificently efficient power.

The trouble is that we expect too much from the airplane. We like to think a thing is perfect when it distinctly is not. We take liberties with all our mechanical toys.

Two decades ago we were demanding the impossible from the motor car. We took it where it could not work. It fell apart on the road. The

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brakes slipped on steep hills and let it go slithering down out of control. Faulty ignition set it afire. The steering gear was treacherous and often sent it into a tree or another car. On the prevalent bad roads of the period the vibration jolted the teeth out of the occupants and scattered bits of machinery along the highway. We cursed the pesky thing and bought a new automobile every year; until the manufacturers wore themselves out devising machines that could not be destroyed except by gross carelessness and neglect.

THE airplane is passing through the same miserable process of evolution. Feared, despised and condemned as noisy and dangerous, it nevertheless promises much more than the old gasoline wagon, for it must soon get all of us up and away from the noxious fumes and dirt of the earth and into a rarer atmosphere.

Today the flying machine is a compromise between weight and gravity. It must have power to stay up. Power comes from engines and fuel, and they mean weight. But each year the engines become more reliable and give more power for their weight; and the airplane grows safer and more useful. Yet, it is still in the experimental state.

Some 10,000 airplanes are gadding about overhead in the United States, and this year will witness about a thousand accidents. Though less than ten per cent of them, possibly a hundred, will be serious, all, however trivial, will be displayed prominently in the newspapers. We will read that the engine stopped, broke down, the plane itself fell apart or caught fire or dropped into an air pocket, or a freak wind blew up and knocked it into so many pieces. Rarely, not once in a thousand times, will we read that some human creature was at fault.

Few will recall that airplane engines have remained up for weeks without once stopping, that planes stay in service for years without falling apart, that no longer do they catch fire in mid-air, that there is no such thing as an air pocket, and that no pilot has any business being up when a freak wind might hit him.

With all its faults the airplane is inherently safe. The principal trouble with the engine today is that vibration sometimes breaks a gasoline lead and ruins the fueling system; but that is not so serious, for any pilot knows how to bring a plane down safely with the engine dead. He finds his chief difficulty in making a landing on rough ground. Then invariably it is only some part of his under carriage that breaks, and that should not be fatal.

BAD weather, fog, storms and freak winds are held responsible for one accident out of every ten, but more than 80 per cent of all the accidents occurring in this country during the last three years have been traced directly to human fallibility. They should not have happened. They were avoidable; and the few which might be considered inevitable should not have caused death or serious injury to a single person.

It has become the fashion to blame the pilot for an aerial tragedy, and in truth he is responsible for plenty. He may be careless. He may be ignorant—many of them are. He may have the

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sort of mind that will not function in a pinch; or he may be drunk.

That is especially true of the private owners. Flying has become as easy as driving a motor car; and a surprising number of slack-brained persons have managed to procure pilots' licenses. The majority who can afford to buy and maintain their own planes would have been redhot sports in the early days of the automobile. Remember how they used to burn up the roads and kill themselves?

Not so long ago the drunken driver was the most diabolical menace on the highways. Now there are more booze-laden personalities soaring aloft in flying machines than the authorities like to admit. Of course there's a law against it. All flying fields are supposed to ground a pilot who has been drinking. But the game is rather new; pilots know one another, and field officials and pilots are friends.

A few drinks of bootleg liquor, and your pilot-owner seems bent on dragging out his plane and putting it through its paces. He usually takes a friend or two along to participate in the suicide. The police can trace the drunken motorist, who very often emerges from a wreck alive. But one rarely loses control of his plane and lives to tell it; so the aerial tragedy is seldom pinned on a booze-befuddled pilot, because dead men tell no tales.

Then there is the stubborn, wilful pilot who insists on flying when he, or she, is physically unfit, ill or lacking in experience. One may be able to take off a plane and bring it back in fair weather, yet be utterly incompetent in an emergency. A girl some months ago set out on a long cross-country flight against the orders of her physician. Her plane suddenly lunged down from a great height, and investigation proved conclusively that she had fainted; her body pitching forward against the control stick had thrown the machine into a nose dive with the engine full on. The newspapers termed it a mystery.

Insufficient training, of course, causes most of the trouble, as it does with motor cars. Yet a recent survey states that fifteen per cent of all motor accidents are caused by improper servicing and maintenance of the car. Approximately thirty per cent of the airplane accidents are attributed to the same cause.

There is no good reason whatever for a standard engine to break up or stop within a few minutes after taking off; yet it happens frequently, and invariably it can be traced to careless hands on the ground. We have become accustomed to starting our car and whizzing away without even looking at the engine; and now some private pilots are doing likewise. Many fail to hire trustworthy experts.

Where there is some form of maintenance observed, the person responsible for the inspection of the machine takes a day off. That is when a tragedy occurs. Delegated authority passed on to a dim-witted mechanic is the bane of the pilot's life. That is why the great majority of accidents are charged against the private owners.

The organized air lines have less than ten per cent of the total mishaps. They operate on schedule, both day and night, in all kinds of weather; and their record of effi-

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ciency year in and year out is well above ninety per cent; but when they do have an accident it is sensational, because of the number of persons carried in a plane and who are either hurt or killed.

ALMOST without exception such disasters can be prevented; and they will cease when the air lines have succeeded in training their personnel. They have good pilots; but the surface management is not always reliable. It too must acquire experience in a business that is relatively new. The safeguards to flying, such as adequate weather reports, radio beacons, lighted landing fields, instruments and other facilities — described at length in a former article — will gradually eliminate accidents on the regular air transport lines. But most companies are only now completing the installation of the new safeguards, and occasionally something happens.

For example, an airplane on regular service set out from Albany for New York with a light load of prominent persons. The air was fair at the start. Presumably the pilot had been told that it was clear throughout the route and at the terminal field in Newark. Within fifteen miles of his destination he ran headlong into low fog and mist. He lost his way, struck a high tension wire on the outskirts of Jersey City, crashed, and burned the entire outfit. Why?

Did somebody fail to warn the pilot that he would encounter fog in the vicinity of New York? Was he flying without radio so that he could not receive a warning while in the air? Or did he see the fog and chance running through it? Pilots do that very often. There is one case where a big transport plane was sent out without radio, because an executive had had the apparatus removed for experimental purposes. The machine ran into a terrific storm, crashed and killed all in it. Still another met a similar fate while flying only a few hundred feet over the surface. Later it was learned that the pilot had the habit of flying low; and on being warned against the practice he had boasted that he knew more about flying than any of his critics.

THE aircraft people have divided airplanes into two distinct classes. They differentiate between the transport plane and the private machine. They say that it is not fair to compare the two because of their varied uses. The transport plane is a common carrier, like the railroad train or the steamship. It operates over a fixed route and it must carry loads that will return profits. The private plane is comparable to the motor car, for it is guided by an individual who picks his own route, does not have to carry paying loads, and is not called upon to maintain schedules, departing and arriving at certain times. There are technical differences, too.

Some planes are built solely for sport or pleasure. They are not carry-alls. They are designed differently. They require neither the speed nor the space for paying loads. Others must possess high speed and still carry cargoes to compensate the operators. We might be tempted to compare the two types with the motor car and the bus, but that would not be fair; the transport plane is useful chiefly because of the supe-

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rior speed it makes from one point to another, while the bus does not necessarily have to maintain such schedules.

Yet the airplane is similar to the motor car in many respects. The high powered car making sixty or eighty miles an hour is more treacherous than the old coughing auto which could barely reach thirty. A bursting tire or rough spot in the road will send the fast car into a ditch. The slightest mistake in steering will take it off its course. The fast airplane is like that.

It is potentially more dangerous than the early machines with which the Wright brothers, Glen Curtiss and the others ushered in the aerial age. Their planes were mere butterflies compared to the hawks and falcons and wasps and hornets of today. They had a wide expanse of wing and relatively low engine power. Their best speed was fifty miles an hour. They could stay up for only an hour or so and therefore were not called upon to traverse great distances, climb over mountains and cross open water. Because of their large wings and low power they landed very slowly, actually gliding down with all the hesitancy of a bird. One had plenty of time to decide just what to do; and he needed it; for the plane lacking power also lacked control and was inclined to slip off sidewise and crash without the pilot being able to do much about it.

The modern airplane has at least ten times the horsepower for each square foot of wing surface. That makes it faster but much heavier. It lands at higher speeds. To retain control the pilot must be constantly alert, except during straight flying. He requires plenty of space in which to take off or land. On the other hand he has so much reserve power that he can step on the gas and pull himself out of imminent trouble — if he knows enough to do it. A third of all the accidents are caused by poor technique; one tries for a landing, loses control, tips over and noses into the ground. Only experience will save him — or a fool-proof machine.

The entire aviation industry is now concentrating on the so-called fool-proof airplane, striving to produce a machine that will not slip out of control when the pilot loses his nerve or his head. The motorist can bring his car to a halt and let it go at that. The aviator can not. He is constantly under way. His road, while wide and free of traffic, is also bottomless; and he must maintain a level keel. The safe flying machine is that which will not tip over under any circumstances. An approach to it has been made by using wing flaps, wing slots and floating ailerons which exercise control at whatever angle and speed the plane may be making, either going up or coming down, with the power on or off. The difficulty here is not in obtaining the safety features but in making them practicable in planes holding several persons.

The light airplane which will accommodate only one or two persons is about as safe as human ingenuity can make it. It is little more than a powered glider, and reverts to the old methods of design, with a wide expanse of wing and very little power. This combination gives it a

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low landing speed and it can be flown in or out of small places.

But the light plane is still the butterfly among aircraft. It is fit for only training and sport. Though several thousands are being flown, one can not take such a craft far from home without considerable risk. The light weight and slow speed make it vulnerable to wind and storm. Sudden gusts will toss it about like a feather. Lacking sufficient power to drive through the elements, one is virtually helpless. Here the history of the motor car repeats itself. Who ever heard of a driver who cared to own a car that would not make speed? Human beings are not content with mere safety; they insist on the best regardless of the danger. No sooner has an amateur learned to fly in a light training plane than he yearns to get up in something that feels like power and which he can drive anywhere at any time and as fast as he may desire.

In the hands of an expert the fast plane is safest. The laws of aerodynamics decree that the faster a plane speeds through the air the more responsive it is to the controls; and that is why the progress of aviation has been marked by the development of the high-powered engine.

The heavy motor provides enough power to lift loads. One can push his machine through almost any kind of wind or storm; but he must be a good pilot. He must know weather when he sees it, and he must understand every trait of his plane, so that in case of an emergency he can bring it down anywhere with reasonable safety. There are more than 10,000 persons learning to fly in the United States; but only long experience will let them fly safely.

The two or three thousand airports and flying fields now under construction here must contribute much to the safety of flying; just as the concrete road has made motoring, to say the least, less hazardous. At each field service stations are being set up to cater to the transient who drops in for gas and oil, spare parts and air for his tires. The Department of Commerce is locating weather stations, radio beacons, route lights and aerial lighthouses on all the airways. Within the next two or three years one may fly anywhere and be guided by these public facilities.

Towns everywhere are lighting their airports and setting up markers on prominent buildings which the aerial traveller can see and use as guides day or night. All these local aides must reduce the number of accidents. In several laboratories experts are working to perfect radio telephone apparatus which will be small and light enough to be carried in the private plane. Others are trying to make the navigating instruments fool-proof. At present only your well-trained pilot can use many of the instruments. A novice might as well do without and trust to luck.

Luck always has played a dangerously important part in aviation. The average pilot has attempted long cross-country flights before experience qualified him. He has taken chances on having fair weather and finding a place to land in case he is forced down. Many times has he been lost in the air, not knowing where he was or how to get out of the mist and

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murk through which he could not see. Hundreds of accidents have resulted.

The training of an aviator is so costly and lengthy that one often is tempted to cut short his flying course and strike out on his own before finishing. Many amateurs have done it, with disastrous results. So many accidents have occurred to untrained pilots that the Federal Government now prescribes an extensive schooling before granting a pilot's license. And that, incidentally, has only complicated matters; for such courses are expensive and arduous, and there is still the incentive to break away with the least cost and loss of time.

One must pay from fifty to two hundred dollars for a several weeks' course at a ground school. This is supposed to familiarize him with engines and planes, instruments, navigation and the rules of the air.

That completed, he may pay from four to six hundred dollars for a flying course — one or two lessons a day in the air with an instructor. First, however, he must pass a physical examination by a doctor designated by the Aeronautics Branch of the Commerce Department. Finally, he must pass both oral and written examinations, then be examined further by a Government inspector. Several hundred dollars and from three to six months of training may qualify one for a private pilot's license. Even then he is only a novice. A few days in a motor car would make an equally proficient driver, but he would not be capable of driving safely under all circumstances. The requirements for a berth as pilot on an air transport line include 2,000 hours of flying and various personal attributes. For one to set out to train as a transport pilot means from one to two years of study and expense — the flying schools charge from two to four thousand dollars for such a course. That indicates the importance placed on training and experience.

But it is discouraging to the average person who wants to fly. If he intends to be a private pilot and own his plane, he often hurries through the minimum course and tries to get his experience alone. The climax is duly recorded in the newspapers. Most of the accidents happen to beginners.

The aircraft people now admit that before private flying becomes safe they must provide a fool-proof plane and make it possible for one to learn flying as he learns motoring, in the same period of time and at approximately the same expense.

We still read of steamship tragedies and railroad wrecks, despite all the safeguards; and there is no indication that motor accidents will cease entirely. With a gradual increase in the number of planes in the air there is bound to develop the same kind of traffic problem. There will be collisions galore. Joy-riding airplanes will cruise through the skies at night without lights. Careless youth will take to knocking over church steeples and chimneys. Others will play tag with aerial traffic cops; but there is very little chance that they will be arrested for speeding. Planes will be used in rapidly increasing numbers because of their superior speed. Safety will remain a matter of secondary importance.

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Spirits of the Dead

By Mrs. Cyrus E. Woods

Ancestor Worship in Modern Japan

The spirits of the dead — a mystery we can not penetrate. Nevertheless there is a religion, the religion of a cultured people, in which the dead continue their activities as in life, but with the advantage of increased knowledge and power. They direct the destinies of mankind by whom they are worshipped, not as distant gods, but as an integral part of the home. This religion is Shinto, the Way of the Gods. It is the national religion of Japan and is followed alike by Emperor and coolie boy. Christianity claims many converts from this ancient faith, but are they really converts? Do Shinto followers forsake that belief which has been theirs for centuries? On the surface, yes; in their heart of hearts, no.

During my residence in Japan as wife of the American Ambassador, I witnessed many examples of the hold of Shintoism. One case in particular left a lasting impression. It was during the time of a great political upheaval — caused by the passage of the Immigration Exclusion Law by the United States Congress. As feeling ran high, a frank discussion of the subject seemed the best policy. One day my husband attended a large gathering of mixed classes. A friend, an alert, broad-gauge, educated, Christian Japanese gentleman, accompanied him. After the meeting, the two returned to the Chancellery of the Embassy. When they were seated in the private office, this friend with a dramatic gesture placed a loaded revolver on the desk, saying: "Your Excellency, I have spent the early morning hours praying to the spirits of my ancestors. I besought them that should danger threaten you, they would hold my hand steady to defend you. Do not misunderstand me. You could not have been in danger from the real Japanese people. But I feared some fanatic, who knew not what he did, might harm you." Did this man wrestle with his Christian God as Jacob of old with the angel? No. In a crisis, he went to the gods he knew and understood. He prostrated himself before the spirits of the dead.

Shinto is primarily a religion of ancestor worship. To its followers, this present life is only an epoch in eternity. The spirit is imprisoned in this mortal body until death releases it. After death the soul becomes endowed with supernatural

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powers while still retaining earthly characteristics. The spirits of the dead control all the affairs of life, whether for good or evil. Births, marriages, deaths, good crops or bad, rain or shine, big events or little — all are in their keeping.

EVERY home of a Shinto follower has its shrine, and every day is begun with at least a moment's communion with the dead. The earthly needs of the spirits are remembered with propitiatory offerings of food and clothing. Every August the spirits of the dead return to earth to visit their families. This period is known as the Feast of the Lanterns. Affectionate notes are written by the living to the returning dead. The cemeteries are aglow with gleaming lights. The fragrance of lovely flowers is in the air. Incense sends tiny spirals of blue smoke heavenward. The homes are brilliantly lighted and, before the ancestral tablets, more incense burns, more flowers mingle their delicate perfumes, while dainty dishes are set out to tempt the appetites of those relatives whom death has deified. When the final night comes for these dear ones to return to their spirit world, elaborate preparations are made for their departure.

My husband and I happened to be at Hakone, a mountain lake not far from Tokyo, during one of these festivals. The route of the spirits led across this lake, and one night we joined our Japanese friends on its shores. There were as many Christian Japanese as Shinto followers gathered there to pay homage to their dead. The air was saturated with the perfume of incense. White paper lanterns, attached to little wooden blocks, floated on the water to light the phantom trail. A large boat, whose dim outlines could barely be discerned by the light of the flickering candles, sailed slowly back and forth. From its hull, the plaintive wail of music cheered the spirits on their way. Tiny sailboats carried the choicest food and other necessities of life to assist the travellers on their long journey. The spirit names were written on the small sails, so that no greedy one might appropriate that which was intended for another. Everything was done for their pleasure and comfort. A gentle wind carried these kindly tokens in one direction, while a soft mist enveloped land and water, thus creating the illusion of a weird unearthly procession. Even we trembled. Were the spirits of the dead brushing us with their ghostly garments as they returned to their heavenly kingdom?

WHEN great deeds are to be accomplished, faith in the power of the departed spirits is absolute. Many proofs of this power have been given both in modern and in ancient times. Here is a case in point:

Centuries ago, the great Kublai Khan was the conqueror of Asia. He had heard of the wealth of Japan and determined to annex it for his own. At this time, the prophet Nichiren appeared in Japan. He foretold invasions by sea and urged widespread prayers to the gods to send typhoons as a means of national defense. Then came Kublai Khan with a great armada of 200,000 men. The fighting lasted for fifty-three days, and then the prayers of the

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Japanese faithful were answered. The battle was terminated in Tsushima Straits by a great typhoon, which almost annihilated the enemy.

In Japan of today another famous battle was fought in these same Straits. It was fought by that great naval hero, Admiral Togo, and it successfully terminated Japan's war with Russia. This modern Admiral chose for his naval engagement the exact spot where centuries before that other great battle had been won, and he did so because of his firm conviction that the souls of the victorious dead would lead him to victory.

Gods who have been so efficient throughout the centuries can not easily be set aside. When the fate of the Japanese nation was at stake, it was entrusted to the gods of its ancestors.

Now I turn from heroes to every day life. One of the Women's Clubs of Tokyo gave a tea in my honor. The Club was made up of cultured Japanese women, most of them professed Christians. The party was at the home of one of their members. The tea was so delicious that I took two cups. The owner of the house, hearing that I had taken two cups of his favorite beverage, insisted on coming in to meet me. In the course of conversation, he said he would like to show me the tablets of his ancestors. I was delighted, but not so the other ladies. Intuitively I felt their disapproval, and I was sorry, for I knew their only thought was that I would not understand. How they misjudged me! And yet I could not explain. The ladies entertained me in the most delightful ways to bring about forgetfulness. They played sweet music on that picturesque Japanese instrument, the *koto*. They sang plaintive Japanese songs. One of them made pictures out of white sand scattered on a black lacquer *plaque*. I was shown many beautiful works of art. Then I was led through a lovely garden. The old gentleman patiently accompanied us. The ladies talked against time. It was almost a filibuster. But the old Japanese stood his ground, and at last I was conducted to a small inner room, which contained a shrine. It was brilliantly lighted, and there was a background of gold on which many names were written. Beautiful vessels containing many varieties of food stood in front. I deeply respected the fine old gentleman for his devotion to his ancestors, and in the end I think the ladies felt I understood.

When we were leaving Japan there were many ceremonial visits to be made — to H. I. M. the Empress, to H. I. H. the Prince Regent, to H. I. H. the Crown Princess, and many others. But there was another, greater than these. It was a visit to the mighty dead, to the spirit of the Emperor, Meiji Tenno, that emperor who opened his Imperial Kingdom to the world after the entrance of Commodore Perry into Japan. I do not say that Christian Japanese sponsored this visit, but Christian Japanese approved. The dwelling place on earth of the soul of this great Emperor is known as the Meiji Shrine, and is very sacred. We were invited to visit it in order that we might have the honor of making an offering to the Imperial Spirit.

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Accordingly, one lovely morning we arrived at the great Torii Gate which guards the entrance to the temple grounds. Here we were met and escorted to the great high Abbot, Prince Ichijo, who received us with gentle courtesy. The formalities finished, we moved forward to the shrine. Halfway, we were met by a Shinto priest dressed in his long flowing robes of blue and white and set off by a very tall black head dress. He carried a wand with long white streamers, which he waved over us. As was afterward explained, this was to drive away all evil from our minds, so that we could enter the abode of the sacred presence with only pure thoughts.

THEN we proceeded still farther into the holy place, where we were met by other Shinto priests, who handed my husband and myself each a long wand-like green branch to which had been tied bits of flax. This flax was typical of clothing which we were to offer to the Imperial Spirit. It was explained that it would be superfluous for us to offer him a house, for he already had this beautiful shrine; neither could we offer him food, for the priests supplied him with great plenty; but his clothes would wear out, so an offering of these would be acceptable. My husband and I took these branches, bearing the symbolical clothes, and leaving the priests, we went quite alone before the holy altar, where we made three low respectful bows, as we laid our tokens down. Then we backed away from the sacred presence, still bowing, and once more joined the High Abbot, who was waiting for us.

Do we who are professing Christians realize Deity like that? Is it possible for a people who for centuries have lived in this close relationship with their gods — gods who are the souls of their own beloved dead — ever really to reject them? They may accept the Christian religion, but I do not believe they discard their own. Perhaps they feel they are richer than ourselves in having many gods, and can well afford to forget the First Commandment.

THE last incident I shall relate fills me with sadness. A man committed hara-kiri in the ruins of our old embassy compound as a protest to America against the Exclusion Law. He left behind a letter addressed to my husband, in which he said he could not live to witness this shame put upon his country, and offered his death as an atonement. He felt also that his disembodied soul could do more for the destinies of his country than that same soul confined in his mortal body. He became a hero in Japan, and his funeral was attended with the most reverent display. Christian Japanese as well as Shinto believers applauded his heroic sacrifice. Always, in a crisis, note how the Shinto beliefs stand out.

The Japanese are a very progressive people. They like to add new ideas to those they already have. And so I think many of them call themselves Christians who deep in their hearts still love the old gods.

Tremblingly I send this missive forth, with apologies to my Christian brethren and my friends of the Shinto faith. I fear neither will want to accept my theory.

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Uncle's Gone Modern

By Elizabeth Cook

Ukeleles, golf breeches, nail files and facials are matters of course to the farmer folks today

I am feeling sad. I went out to the old place yesterday for a chicken dinner, an afternoon on the porch, and best of all, a session with Hank, the hired man. Nobody plays *Sweet Alice Ben Bolt* on the accordion like Hank.

But, if you please, after chores were done, along comes Hank in a pair of white pants, a blue coat and a ukelele. "Hi!" he says and climbs into a little roadster. The last we see of him he is laying a smoke screen down the highway. "Heavy date in town?" I suggest. "Yes," snorted Uncle George. "Ever since the new paving was put in, Hank has been using a safety razor. Hank has gone modern. He gargles with listerine."

Uncle stuffed his pipe. "When I was young, the hired man gave his girl a blue or pink celluloid toilet set. The only piece she ever used was the mirror. Or else he gave her a manicure set with a nail file that wouldn't work. She put the outfit on top of the bureau and dusted it whenever company was coming. A right popular girl would have eight or nine of these things stuck around her room. But nowadays the hired man spends his money for gas. All a girl has to remember a pleasant evening by is a bad conscience. I don't know which is worse," mused Uncle George, "a bad conscience or a celluloid toilet set."

"Don't pay any attention to him," said Aunt Minnie. "He's off on one of his talking streaks."

"I got something to talk about," said the old man. "Remember your mother's brother, the one we called Teddy? He used to climb into that old striped suit that was too big in the shoulders and too short in the leg, hitch up the young bays with the red tasseled harness and cut loose on the wide peerairie.

"All the women folks stood weepin' at the gate until he came back, which he always did. Now he's a fat Dane farmer, and talks bitter about the tariff.

"Anyhow he got his kid an airplane the other day. He said it didn't cost much more than a good car and he had one satisfaction. While the kid was up in the air, doing barrel rolls and Immelman turns, he wasn't picking up any girls. But I could see that the old man was worried.

"That's what we get for letting

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these city slickers put their glass topped airplane factories down in the middle of our corn fields. And if it isn't an airplane factory, it's a landing field. Makes me glad I drive something that doesn't roll the whites of its eyes and lay back its ears.

"It's getting hard to be a hick. Once all a fellow had to do was get his neck sunburned, use toothpicks and eat in the kitchen. But now city folks lay around in bathing suits and get sunburned, wholesale, so to speak. City cafés serve toothpicks in individual packets and the whole nation eats in the kitchen, only it's called eating in the breakfast nook."

"You take it too much to heart, Pa," said my Aunt Min.

Uncle George went on. "Down at Shawnee's Corners the other night they had a horseshoe pitching contest. 'Now,' says I to myself, 'here's where I see some real hicks'; and I'll be johnned if every one of these boys didn't have on golf pants."

Uncle George puffed a minute or two. The twilight was sweet with the odor of Aunt Min's late roses. The corn across the road moved gently. Above the sleepy gossip of the chickens came clear and unmistakable, the hum of an electric refrigerator.

"Yes," said Uncle George. "Take your aunt Min, now. She used to be a dutiful wife. She churned and washed and scrubbed and stayed home with the kids. She didn't bother me at all, she was too busy."

"George," put in Aunt Min, "will you hush?"

"I won't hush," said Uncle George. "And then one moment when I was feeling weak and loving I promised to teach her to drive. And ever since then, she's been commuting. Does she need a spool of thread? She gets into the car and away she goes to the county seat. The whole neighborhood does it. They get marcels and facials and magazines and face powders and clothes just like city women. It's the window shopping that hurts. That's how we got the refrigerator."

"Listen, George," said Aunt Min hotly. "That refrigerator didn't cost as much as a second hand car, and every one of the boys has one."

"Hold on," said Uncle George. "I am all for you. I like it."

"I'd crawl, too," said Aunt Min, "if I had just dropped five hundred dollars on blue sky."

"Who was that over here early this afternoon?" asked Uncle George, quickly.

"That was Alice Somers, the one who used to be a Bigbee. Herb has been stepping out on her again."

"Is that so?" said Uncle George. "Somebody ought to shoot him."

"Oh, I don't know," said Aunt Min. "I can see how it is. Anybody likes a change once in a while."

"There, see what I told you," and Uncle George turned his white head in my general direction. "Ma has gone modern. I have to be respectful and everything or I'll get my walking papers yet." He laid his hand over hers affectionately. "But don't you get like Callie Winters.

"Did I ever tell you about Callie Winters? That's a good one. Well, it was this way. One of these strong minded city women, the kind that leads parades and writes letters to the newspapers, got it into her head

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that she wanted to uplift the downtrodden farm woman. And first of all, she must get acquainted. So out she comes, visiting each place in turn. She makes out that she is taking some sort of census. She got along fine until she reached Callie Winters's place.

"You never saw it, but it's mighty pretty. Modern buildings, silos, lots of fresh paint, landscaped grounds. It looks too good to be true. The city product wasn't looking for this kind of thing, but she was hot or hungry or tired or something, I don't know, so she stopped.

"Once inside, her hopes again climbed into the upper ether. The living room has bare walls, a bare floor, a stove and chairs, nothing more. The city girl saw that she had found at last what she was looking for. She drew pictures to herself of the lacklustre woman who had been squelched in this cheerless home. 'The desolation of a soul,' she murmured to herself. Pretty soon Callie strode in.

"She had just come from the feed lots and she wore hip boots, a hunting jacket, a sunbonnet, and her face was red with sweat. She weighed 350 pounds and made quite a showing. The city gal just opened her mouth and let it stay that way.

"After all, you can't do much for a woman who makes several thousand dollars a year off her herds and who has given six children college educations and started four on places of their own."

"What became of the city woman?" I wanted to know.

"She married a meek little sonuvagun and had a baby right away."

"Pa!" said Aunt Min indignantly.

"Quit shrieking at me!" said Uncle George. "She asked me and I told her."

It was completely dark now. The frogs carried their tune back and forth in ever increasing volume. I liked the glow in Uncle George's pipe. The moon shone like a little silver lake held up behind the apple orchard.

"I don't see what city folks have to be proud of, anyway," continued Uncle George. "I see by the paper that an etiquette teacher gives lessons on eating lobster. Think of sitting down to a pile of corn on the cob and having to wait until you got an expert opinion from your etiquette teacher. I like things hot. There's quite a knack to eating peas with a knife, too. I never could get the hang of it but I respect those who can."

We laughed. Uncle George has beautiful table manners. The moon was now getting one white shoulder over the apple orchard. We rocked. We enjoyed each other. We enjoyed the evening. Pretty soon I got to thinking about the Chicago firm that refused to advertise in our farm paper. They wouldn't believe that farmers used toothbrushes. I told this to Uncle George. He stopped rocking. He pounded his pipe on the chair arm. "I guess all the hicks aren't on farms," said he.

"Send them a telegram and tell them we use soap, nail files, toe nail clippers and bath brushes, too, will you? Tell them we are housebroke."

"George!" yelled Aunt Min.

"Don't shriek at me. Why don't folks find out what we are like before they start broadcasting? A pale pink

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bathroom won't make a man any cleaner than a bench by the back door. And who wants to dip his head and shake it in a pale pink bathroom? The missus would get mad.

"ANYHOW I'm not as dumb about bathrooms as the city girl who climbed into the tub with a good book. She turned on the faucets and got so interested in whether Jack was going to kill Claude and give the pearls to Adrienne that she forgot to turn the water off. She came to in time to swim for shore."

I kept still. I don't know who told Uncle that story about my bath, but it was real mean, whoever it was.

"Yeah," said Uncle George, warming up, "I remember Susie John who used to twist her pigtails and listen to the salesmen's lies with open mouth. But she didn't look any more believing or admiring than my city niece who got introduced to the winner of the Kentucky Derby a few weeks ago."

I continued to keep still. The so-called winner of the Kentucky Derby had turned out to be a common yegg. He was in the city calaboose now and no one was sending him any flowers.

"Well, niece," said Uncle George, putting his hand on my hot neck, "we all get fooled. Wish you were going in with us next week to hear *Thaïs*. I haven't heard Mary Garden for nearly twenty years. Is it all right for you to drive home alone like this? I know you do it right along, but I never get used to it. I'm sorry about Hank and the accordion. What all, between his uke and his car, he's going straight to hell."

It was a pleasant thirty miles' drive. The paving curves gently over our rolling prairie. The corn has its own perfume. An occasional elm tree on the sky line spreads open like a black fan. Uncle George had been very entertaining. He can afford to be. He owns several farms, deals in real estate, controls a bank, and in spare moments, writes a little insurance. The type is not at all uncommon in the Middle West. They go to the State capital for a session or two, calmly vote millions for schools and roads, moan over their poverty-stricken condition, send their children to the university, visit Yellowstone in the summer, and plan to die in California.

UNCLE likes to stand before an audience in a New York made suit with a diamond and platinum shrine pin in his lapel and tell how he had to save string for a year in order to have a baseball. He boasts that he never had a store overcoat until he was seventeen. Then he hies him to the local course, finds a caddy, spends four or five bucks for new balls, and gets down to business.

His enemies say his skill with the driver comes from that old game of "Swat the bee." Pioneer farm boys played it by sneaking up on a bee hive. The idea was to grab a stick and get the bee before the bee got you. It gave the wrist a certain sureness.

There are wedding pictures of Uncle and Aunt Min in the family album. He wears paralyzing sideburns. Aunt Min, plump and pretty in a basque and a full draped skirt with many pleatings, has a little bang across her forehead. They both look slightly devilish and very sincere.

Aunt Min can remember piling out

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in frosty November mornings to husk corn. And uncle can remember kneading the bread when the babies were born. He can darn, too, but he doesn't want anybody to know it.

Aunt Min isn't strong on Browning but she fries chicken in a miraculous way. You'd never catch her listening to a lecture on "Why We Have Morals," but she got the women of her township to stage a baby clinic. "What these kids need is more cod liver oil and less rocking, and I hope the doctor tells them so," she said. Aunt Min has never engaged in any of these discussions of what a woman's time is worth, but she's been a school board member, county chairman of her farm organization, raised her family by hand, voted at every election and run a good home. Her children all like her.

UP TO this evening I had always thought of Uncle George and Aunt Min as hicks. Not in any scornful or belittling way, to be sure, but gently and lovingly in the secret places of my heart. It was a comfortable mental attitude, just like anything is that you consider settled for all time. But forces were at work within me. I drove up to see Uncle George again. "What's on your mind?" said Uncle George. He is like that, very discerning. "Out with it," said he, settling back into his old armchair and pulling out the familiar pipe. "My life is an open book. Shoot," said he.

I PUT the question to him. He laughed. He blew out a cloud of smoke and his old eyes twinkled merry and blue behind it. "What is a hick? Bless my soul and body. You came right to headquarters, didn't you?"

"Now, Uncle," I began.

"Don't deny it. I feel honored. When I was in New York I got my Adam's apple sunburnt. I admit it."

"Oh Uncle," I began again.

"Just the same," continued the old man, "there's lots more to this business of being a hick than getting your mail a day late. Its sort of like love, it all depends on the person, the time and the place. Now scatter, my child, or Aunt Min will catch you and put you to work. She's canning peas."

"But Uncle —"

"Shoo, I've said. Go home to your children; or are you raising them by radio now? I've got to stand in the receiving line with the Governor today and I want to get in a formal frame of mind."

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Maureen Orcutt

By Ruth Brown Park

Golf Is Not All Fairways And Bunkers

In this supposedly dark age of modern youth, when all is reported hopelessly jaded and ignominiously lost, it is refreshing to be able to turn the searchlight of character illumination on one member of youth's aggregation, to find there someone who has strong determination, high purpose and real achievement to her credit. This young person is twenty-three year old Maureen Orcutt of Englewood, New Jersey, known from coast to coast and in Europe as one of America's foremost women golfers, and, incidentally, as one of her best newspaper golf reporters.

Her story is simple, like most stories of solid advancement, yet touching, too, for it traverses the hard road gawky youth must travel when on trial before mature sophistication. It jogs along something like this:

When Maureen was fourteen, she and her twin brothers were living with their mother and father, both newspaper writers, in a modest frame house near Englewood, on the edge of the White Beeches Country Club. The family amusements were limited and wholesome, golf playing no little part in them. On week-ends, the five Orcutts might be seen trudging over the sandy White Beeches' course together, the boys acting sometimes as caddies and sometimes as players, with Maureen lagging behind, not caring particularly whether she played or not, since golf was not her passion. Instead, in her heart, smouldered another love — basketball; basketball, to be played swiftly and excitedly in the Englewood High School Gymnasium. But unlike most golfers, from the start, she was an adept golfer in spite of herself, her swing having the timed grace of a Jim Barnes, and the force behind that swing of a Gene Tunney.

Since, naturally, you can not hide a golf light under a bushel for long, hers was soon brought forth by the eagle-eyed George Kerrigan, "professional" at White Beeches, and made to flame up at once, strongly and brightly through his lessons. Maureen must enter the Junior Championship that year and continue to enter tournament play every year following. Maureen, according to the canny George, could and therefore must be a great golfer.

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That first year, rattling off in the one-lunged family Buick towards the tournament, she and her mother looked very immature and unsophisticated, in comparison to the other fashionables in low racing cars and closed limousines, flying along to the same tournament. But immaturity and unsophistication, with "the goods" behind them, can produce often upsetting results. Maureen did not win the tournament that year, but she emerged runner-up with 116 strokes. The next year, 1922, with the faithful George still prodding her with instruction, she was able to pare her 116 strokes to a 94 for a win. This means that within one year her game had improved so rapidly that 22 strokes had been eliminated in her final match of tournament play. A really remarkable advancement!

But curiously enough, even at this point, golf did not matter to her. High school basketball was still the dominating sport and a newspaper reporting job, out of school hours, her means to pin money. *The Bergen Evening Record* accepted columns of school happenings from her enthusiastic pen and in return deluged her with the large sum — some weeks — of as much as five dollars. With this wealth, she paid for most of her clothes, for her trips to and from basketball matches and for her golf equipment. Her mother abandoned her own golf in order that with what it cost her to play, she could pay for Maureen's golf lessons. Was her sacrifice to be a vain oblation? Maureen cared so little for the game.

The answer was not long in coming. At her first entrance into grown-up competition, Maureen woke up. Not because the competition was so much stiffer than junior competition, but because she found herself, despite her golfing ability, a nonentity.

It happened at one of those Metropolitan championships, where complete smartness reigns throughout, that she first realized she was alone and quite unfriended. This was a new experience for her and it must have astonished her. In the medal play, the first day, her round was made with a well-known lady from Long Island, who literally dripped millions. The picture is an unforgettable one: the first tee banked with fashionable onlookers from the Metropolitan district; the clubhouse in the background, gay with striped awnings; the lady with the "mazuma" arriving bepearled, begloved and beclubbed with her private caddy — and by contrast, standing apart, forlorn, unhatted, ungloved, lightly clubbed, in a home-made plaid skirt, darned stockings and too tight sweater, the unknown child from White Beeches. Then the rest of the day, the same marked contrast. Although the callow Unknown played magnificent golf, the crowd following this match showed plainly its complete sympathy for the established player. Even after the match, when a surprisingly low medal score had been turned in by the Englewood player, no one among the large group of congenial lunchers in the convivial clubhouse paid any attention to her, nor asked her to lunch with them. Instead, she sat alone at a small table and munched her sandwich, thinking that perhaps

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things were not all they should be with her at that moment. Something within her that day was challenged, and something within her ever since that day has accepted that challenge and mastered it. Right then, golf became her guiding passion. Through golf, and her skill with it, she would tear down world obstacles and meet these outsiders face to face, as a respected equal.

Remember she was less than sixteen then. She was without any real financial or social backing, and finding herself without those things, she realized she had a hard pull ahead. But she set that jaw of hers, which is a jaw, and went to work. She secured a position on *The New York American*, running a woman's golf column. When not working at that, outside of school hours, she played and practised golf. In the mean time she continued to go to tournaments and to take her social beatings even when her tournament performances were victories. Such victories as 1925 Metropolitan medalist; winner of Women's Eastern Championship in 1925, 1928, 1929; four years consecutive winner of the Women's Metropolitan — 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929.

When she was graduated from high school, she not only had her *New York American* column, but she did a monthly article on golf for *Golf Illustrated*. Slowly through her work and the shekels secured therefrom, she was able to expand her golfing horizon. She went to Florida and there in 1927 won the Florida East Coast championship, and in 1928 the Florida State championship at Palm Beach. Gradually, because of her sporting qualities and her steady integrity, she widened her acquaintances and her contacts, so that she was no longer the outsider. She became the one "sure bet" at any tournament, always affable, always hard to beat.

From *The New York American*, she went to *The World*, where she has remained ever since, as women's golf reporter. The discipline for her of these newspaper positions can not be estimated. For this reason. Whenever there is any competitive golf to report, Maureen is on deck always, not only as a reporter, but as a competitor. This occasions daily rounds of gruelling golf, which usually bring her to the finals or at least the semi-finals of the tournament. And anyone who knows anything about competitive play knows that after a match of this kind one feels more like a dish-mop than a reporter. Yet, morning after morning, no matter in what part of the country the ladies are battling, one may open *The World* to read there signed articles of those battles by Maureen, articles both entertaining and naïve. Entertaining because perhaps of an inherited reporting ability from both father and mother; naïve because the writer herself is often the heroine of the particular event she is reporting, yet able to state simply and frankly her own case, along with accurate praise for the other contestants. This makes her column one of the refreshing bits of Metropolitan journalism today. For instance, *The World* of March 25 last printed this news from her:

Southern Pines, N. C., March 24.—The Women's Mid-South medal play championship which started over No. 1 course at

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Southern Pines was led by the writer with a score of 78. This is the competitive record for women on this course. Virginia Van Wie, who is not defending her title, set the previous record at 79, in this same tournament last year. Glenna Collett finished in a burst of glory, today, scoring a birdie 3 on the 18th hole to be in second position with an even 80.

Certainly as news, entertaining; as subject matter, naïve and lacking in self-consciousness.

When asked how she holds down her reporting job and holds up her position in the golfing world at the same time, Maureen attributes her success to her good health. And her good health she attributes to her lack of interest in either alcohol or cigarettes. She never touches either, but then, she says, she is not alone in this, for many of the big women golfers are weedless and non-alcoholic, too.

SITTING opposite this girl today, after her eight years of participation in golfing festivities, one sees not the long, darned stockinged legs. Nor the short, faded plaid skirt; nor the too tight sweater. One sees instead, a well-dressed, well-poised young woman, capable of meeting people of all types and stations, and capable of engaging in straightforward intelligent conversation with them. In these chats one hears not one word of criticism about anybody, nor anything. If the past was a bitter pill, no one will ever know it. She has swallowed that long ago and forgotten it. Instead, she will tell you of her lovely visit in Florida last winter at the Van Wie estate, where Virginia Van Wie entertained her so royally. She will tell you of tournaments in which she has played in mixed foursomes with Bobby Jones, a darling! Or with Jess Sweetser, another prince! She believes that sports people for the most part have the highest ideals and strongest loyalties. For instance, the time back in the Harvard days, when Bobby Jones actually had tears in his eyes at beating his pal, Francis Ouimet. And she herself admits she can not bear to win from Virginia Van Wie.

IF YOU push her, she will talk of heart affairs and her plans for marriage. Plans for the future, of course, but nevertheless plans, because she believes every girl should be married — that is, when love has definitely "come to Main Street."

She talks about her family with sincere devotion. Although she supports herself she chooses to live at home and even to accept some of the household duties, one of them entailing the cooking of breakfast for the five Orcutts every morning that she is at home.

She likes Englewood, but she has less time than formerly to take part in suburban life. However, whenever there are any dances at the club, or school alumnæ dances, Maureen is all wound up, ready to go.

Her trip to Europe this year with the American Team of Women Golfers was made possible because she was able to report the games for the American press. One could not help but wonder how she did this. First, because an initial sea voyage for anyone, young or old, is always upsetting. Then, landing on strange shores, where even the automobiles run on the wrong side of the streets, is bewildering; getting accustomed to the climate and the different food;

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learning the names and faces of the foreign players; herself on parade before thousands of curious onlookers. These things in themselves would upset anybody of husky type or not. But added to this, playing winning golf in the team matches and not uncreditably in the championship affairs — to rush off after these contests to push hundreds of words across the cables to interested American readers.

All this is why we claim for Maureen Orcutt the stuff we do — determination, high purpose, with achievement in the end. Certainly she stands high in the sport world; high in her field of newspaper work, and high, very high, as an example of the best in modern youth.

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Spats or Specie?

By E. F. Bax

Is the International Banker Displacing the Diplomat?

The majority of young men who on their graduation day turn their eyes towards foreign countries to find their life work, think of three possibilities as a rule. There is either the mission field, or diplomacy, or international banking. If the young man has any leaning towards the mission field, his troubles are solved, for the way lies straight forward. He knows the triumphs and the penalties, and just about what the future holds.

But as between diplomacy and international banking the decision is not so easy. In his studies of international law and history the young man has probably acquainted himself with the high place that diplomacy has held in the world ever since the Twelfth Century, as an interpreter of one country to another, with the diplomat as the personal representative of his Sovereign to a foreign potentate. He sees the diplomat as a creature of courts, associated with those Chancellors of foreign countries who seem to our modern eyes to have had many of the characteristics of stage villains and pirates, and he knows that a diplomatic career in this modern day will offer him many opportunities of associating with the Twentieth Century successors to these gentlemen and with their Kings and Emperors.

To men to whom the intrigue and back-biting of courts, the "trivial round" of social doings, and the humdrum of diplomatic business carried on rather casually, appeal, who have little sympathy with modern business hustle and know little, and care less, for the sacred word "efficiency," diplomacy offers a place. Sheltered in an Embassy or Consulate, absorbed most of the day with a miscellaneous assortment of annoying little matters, the backwash of the quarrels and misunderstandings that arise between individuals of two nations when they meet face to face, the junior diplomat can please himself more or less as to what he accomplishes. He can come down late and leave early. He can with impunity blame delays on the Government to which he is accredited, as they will never contradict him, and he can win easy popularity by sufficiently blazing abroad his small successes. The more ambitious man — as contrasted with the mere dilettante — who goes into

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the diplomatic service, will find that he must serve an apprenticeship of many years, first in the Consular Service and later doing mere chores in an Embassy or Legation, before he is taken into the more or less secret counsels that determine the procedure to be adopted when questions of international importance are pending.

Such counsels are becoming more and more infrequent and of less and less importance, however, as the more universal use of the telegraph and telephone enables the Government to communicate with its Embassies and Legations without loss of time, and dictate exact procedures. For when a Secretary of State, such as there has been in Washington more than once, sends instructions to an Ambassador, with orders to "transmit the following to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs without delay," and then proceeds to quote the exact wording to be used in the Note to the Foreign Office, the Ambassador and his staff become little more than Post Office employees, with no discretion whatever. Fortunately for them, however, many matters can not be handled quite so exactly, and there is still room for that display of tact, discretion and specialized knowledge with which all members of the Diplomatic Service should be well equipped.

If our aspiring young man has little private income, he is apt to consider seriously the meagre salary that will be his lot as a diplomat, and the small pension, to which he will have to contribute for many, many years to make himself eligible for its benefits. He will notice that if he should leave the service at any time all these contributions will be lost to him. He will listen carefully when other diplomats complain of the high cost of living in some countries, the lack of schools for their children, and in many places the generally unhealthy and unsanitary conditions prevailing. He will wonder if, while he is passing the best years of his life in foreign countries, absorbed with matters neither exciting nor world-disturbing, his own country will forget him and he it. He will become a cosmopolitan, with a varied and colorful set of experiences on which to draw at dinner parties, but his children will have been brought up either in foreign countries under difficult conditions that will make them strangers to their fellow Americans, or else they will be strangers to him because he has sent them "home" to be educated. His wife will have lost her looks, and his life will be embittered by her reproaches for the homesickness that assails them both.

Should he remain in the service all his active life, he may finally, if he has no enemies at home, and has made a good record in the eyes of the stay-at-homes who usually know little of the conditions under which he has been working and are not in a position to judge whether he has done good service for his country or not — he may be made a Minister at one of the less important Courts — less important meaning that there is not likely to be enough happening to enable him to make a record. Of, if he is wealthy enough, and has enough political pull, he may even

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aspire to be a Minister at a slightly more important Capital, or even an Ambassador to a second-class Power. But that would not happen to him for many years in any case, and even at the end of a successful diplomatic career he could seldom become an Ambassador to a first-class Power. Such posts are not for "career" diplomats. With a fine cynicism, the American Government assumes that the successful business man, or the clever lawyer, is a better man to represent it at important Capitals, and that the whole profession of diplomacy is inferentially so unimportant that any man without training but with average intelligence, a large fortune, and a facility for glad-handing or publicity, can handle it. But even the American Government, when appointing a professional politician or merchant to an important Ambassadorship, is apt to make sure that the members of his staff, on whom he must rely, and whose time will be taken up in preventing him making mistakes, are men well trained in the service.

On the other hand, the diplomat has an assured place in the world. In England foreign Ambassadors rank next after the Royal Family, with the single exception of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, as head of the English Church, precedes them. Secretaries of Embassy also stand high in the social scale, and to men with social talents the life is delightful and full of interest. But the man who interprets his instructions to keep his Government fully informed of the attitude of the country to which he is accredited as an invitation to be communicative in general, should remember the experience of the late Ambassador Page, whose letters to the President, in which he was only trying to carry out these instructions, were very often not even read!

The case of the international banker is quite different. He is becoming more and more important in an increasingly commercial world. He needs a good deal of the same equipment as the diplomat, a knowledge of language, a love of travel and adventure, and an ability to make himself at home wherever he happens to be stationed. As nations become more conscious of the possibilities in the financial field, they seek increasingly to get money on terms as convenient as they can to build up their commercial business. They turn to the international banker for help, and he must be able to gauge accurately the value of the security offered for a loan, the psychology of the nation regarding its external obligations, and the amount of success that is likely to accrue if a loan is floated in the open market.

If the nation has a good reputation in international finance, if its people are hard working and progressive, and the security offered is adequate, the international banker gets to work, and through his ministrations, the loan is made and the country takes on a new chapter of economic life. He can therefore be a benefactor as well as a creditor. Living as he often does in the country to which the loan is made, or having his representative or agent there, he can keep his eyes open to see that the conditions are being met, and

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in the course of his usual work acquires, probably, a more minute and useful knowledge of certain aspects of the people than does his diplomatic colleague, who is not so much concerned with finances as with the psychology which dictates peace and war. The international banker needs all the skill of a diplomat, all his tact and patience, and in addition he must be a master of finance and economics.

SHOULD our young man decide to try diplomacy for a time, with a reservation that if he is sent to dull capitals he will resign and go into international banking, he must not stay in the diplomatic service too long. In fact, a period of service there is not always an asset in international banking, unless the period is so short as not to have impressed upon the young man a leisurely view of international happenings and a belief in the routine method of handling business. For a man trained in diplomacy is apt to be all too securely married to phraseology, to working through definite channels along well-travelled roads, toward a well-defined goal. There are very few surprises for him, and he becomes stereotyped. Every question is taken up in the same way, notes written in the same language addressed to the same officials, and the diplomat must confine his official relations to the Foreign Office. All this is apt to make him opinionated, to make him suspicious of quicker and not quite so legitimate methods of getting information, and therefore to make him less elastic and less effective in an emergency.

If the career of international banking, therefore, is the young man's end, he had better perhaps cut out diplomacy altogether, unless he is lucky enough to be sent to a capital where he can become a master of the language, win irreproachable contacts with the right people, and get a knowledge of local conditions that will make him invaluable to a banker. Then, in due time, the banker may make him a flattering offer because of his specialized knowledge. But the chances of this happening are small, and he does not need to be a diplomat to ensure even this. If he were in the same capital, with the same knowledge and the same personality, but minus the diplomatic background, the offer might come just the same; so that it would not be his diplomatic knowledge that would be the deciding factor, but his personality.

THERE is a feeling that a diplomat can never — or very rarely — become a successful business man, whereas a business man can and often does become a successful diplomat. The case of Dwight W. Morrow is an example of the banker turned successful diplomat. It is again a case of personality, of breeding, of background. A business man does not need these to make money, but they are essentials in a diplomat, for no man can be a successful or popular Ambassador unless he has good breeding, and can mix with ease in court circles. A pair of knee-breeches and buckles on his shoes can not translate a commonplace but wealthy business man into an acceptable Ambassador, and even the United States, with its demo-

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cratic desire to thrust upon foreign courts Ambassadors who do not represent either culture or good manners — as has too often been done — can not make them acceptable. Of course it is equally true that an international banker must be acceptable, but he is not, as the diplomat is, the representative of his country at the foreign court. He can be ignored if his conversation is too racy or his tastes too vulgar, whereas the members of the diplomatic service can *not* be ignored by the court. It would be interesting to know how many international deals have been menaced by mishandling by a commonplace, undistinguished Ambassador.

THE young banker has a fairly safe field for his endeavors, once he is well started under the right auspices. From lowly beginnings he can advance to the top of the tree, and there is no reserved territory at the top to which he can not aspire. His financial rewards will be commensurate with his ability, and many opportunities will be given to him to make himself useful not only in the counting house but in many other unusual ways. If he shows ability in languages, for instance, there is a growing market for his services. For business does not drop into the lap of the international banker any more than it does into the lap of any other business man. It must be solicited in some form or other, and the openings as confidential agents, with discreet titles, discreet offices and the open sesame to financial circles of the various countries, are many. These jobs, however, are only for the initiated, for they require an amount of general knowledge, a pleasing personality, and an aggressive purpose, which only a limited number of men possess. A young man who sets his heart on that sort of an opening and wishes to assure himself some measure of success, will do well to ally himself with one of the great international banking houses, for it often happens that the smaller banking groups are disregarded — however active their agent may be — when the actual *moment comes when a country* wishes to borrow in any large amount. At that point the Finance Minister is likely to come to the conclusion that it will be more satisfactory to have dealings with the more important and better known international bankers, even if he has to seek them out instead of their approaching him.

THE diplomatic service has little or nothing to do with these financial transactions between countries. Instead of borrowing countries dealing with lending countries through the usual diplomatic channels, the Finance Minister of the borrowing country is more likely to deal with the international banker direct, and often when Government finances are in question the arrangements are made outside of the diplomatic service. For instance, when the British war debt to the United States was funded, it will be remembered that Mr. Baldwin, then Prime Minister, came to the United States for that purpose, and with him came not diplomats but financial experts. The Embassy at Washington was the headquarters of the group, though the Ambassador was not its official

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head. In the recent flotation of the new Austrian Loan, the Austrian Finance Minister went in person to London to arrange its terms with the bankers, and although the Finance Minister was the guest of the Austrian Ambassador then their relations were but those of host and guest. The more direct method of principals meeting to discuss important financial matters has superseded the indirect methods of diplomacy.

THERE is still a further reason why the diplomatic service of the United States — unlike that of England, for instance — is so unsettled, and that is its insecurity of tenure. In Great Britain the service has its great traditions, its splendid personnel, and its continuity of office. The personnel does not change with the change of Government. Politicians are not permitted to interfere with the conduct of foreign affairs, and England's foreign policy is a more or less continuous application of the rules under which the Empire has grown up. The British diplomat is well paid, has an established standing in the Civil Service, has a pension at the end of his service, and has quarters provided for him in each capital in keeping with the dignity of his position and the standing of his country. It is true that just after the war the British Government appointed a few eminent, but none the less "undiplomatic," ambassadors to various posts, but this departure from custom did not last, and the trained diplomat has come back again into his own.

In the United States it is different. At any time a parsimonious Senate may undo the diplomatic work of years by cutting down an appropriation; an ignorant Senate may, without any evil intention, do a grave injustice to a body of men who are too far away to take effective action to protect themselves; and a Senator who wishes to pay a political debt can, if he can marshal enough votes, foist upon the State Department and the President a constituent for the service who is absolutely unfitted to help build up a world policy.

For it takes a man of broader vision than politics offer in the United States to make a diplomat. Politicians are after all small potatoes in world affairs, and their noisy clamor is not audible to any extent outside of their own boundaries. The same is not, of course, true in England, and it is interesting to note that when a British diplomat resigns it is nearly always to go into politics, when he can make good use of his specialized knowledge in the House of Commons, whereas the American diplomat usually resigns to go into banking, journalism, or education.

EVEN the national societies in the United States which exist to promote peace and international good will do not make use of the retired diplomat, nor do they seem ever to give him an opportunity to speak of the things which he knows and which might have value to his hearers. If any diplomat is called upon for his views, he is likely to be a gentleman with a legal or political background, who has had a temporary connection with diplomacy, and not a man who has made a life study of the question at issue.

The able American diplomat is

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resigning more and more from a profession which offers him so little. In his work he necessarily meets the outstanding men of his own country as well as those of the countries to which he is accredited. Is it to be wondered at that offers come to him constantly to change his job, and to go into something that gives better financial returns, security for the future, and just as interesting a life, without the necessity of being an expatriate all his days? That he accepts these offers is also not to be wondered at, for if a man wants success and fulfilment he must take the obvious means of getting them. It is not necessary in order to attain these for him to go from Dan to Beersheba, up the world and down the other side, to get a meagre living with a very uncertain future, as is the case if he sticks to the Service. In other fields he will be fairly certain, if he knows his work and puts his best into it, that the same success and fulfilment will be forthcoming with the added advantage that his life will not be in the hands of a politically controlled group in the United States to make or mar at will.

THIS is a condition that exists, and it is full of danger to the United States, for no country can afford to have its international affairs menaced by a poorly-paid and dissatisfied diplomatic service continually being depleted of its best men. It is necessary to have good diplomats if we want international peace and international understanding. If we want our country's interests looked after by an unprejudiced, because not financially interested, group of men, we must make the diplomatic service a service to which our best men can give an unqualified allegiance, with the knowledge that they are going into a life-work which will not only ensure them a living wage and a modest pension, but a real opportunity to interpret their country to the world in a way that will build up the ideal of brotherhood and international coöperation.

IT WILL be useless, in a moment of international crisis, to fill up the diplomatic service with a regimented group of men from other professions, however willing and efficient they may be. Diplomacy in its finest aspects is not learned in a day or in many days. And if, in the emergency, the Government turns to the international bankers for their help, it will of course be given willingly and honestly, but the help thus extended will be a favor conferred, not a right demanded. No, the United States should keep up its standards in the international arena. Its diplomats should have the same standing and the same financial reward as those of the other great Powers. It needs more and more trained men to keep the international wheels turning smoothly, to iron out the increasing number of possible misunderstandings before they arise, to build up gradually the prestige of the United States as the great power it is, and interpret to the world in general the constructive and peaceful aims of the country as well as its economic ambitions.

We should not then have first class men resigning after years of successful accomplishment from the diplomatic service, and the alternate spectacle of some of the political

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appointees indulging in publicity stunts of doubtful taste which certainly do little to enhance our prestige.

BANKER or diplomat, which? The banker helping himself and the world along by the skilful manipulation of its finances, or the diplomat moulding it gradually through the years toward harmony and equality of opportunity? Both are professions which offer the young man a useful and adventurous career. But if two friends and fellow students, graduating together, decided to go their separate ways, one into banking, and the other into diplomacy, there is a possibility of a situation arising which would have its elements of comedy or tragedy, according to the point of view of each of the participants, but a purely natural outcome of the relationship between the two professions which exists at present. The diplomat has lived for twenty-five years in various capitals, gradually rising to the rank of Counsellor of Embassy at London. He hopes, before his retirement becomes effective, that he will be promoted to be a Minister. That is the limit to which his twenty-five years' service can bring him. The banker, on the other hand, has confined his attentions strictly to banking, and has gradually also worked himself up to his maximum in that profession. Now he would like to have a taste of diplomacy, of which he has heard much from his friend through the years. Through his banking and political associations he succeeds in being appointed Ambassador at London, and to that capital he goes, to be superior officer to his friend who has served the Government all his adult life, and who, because of its political necessity of paying political debts with important diplomatic offices, can never reach that eminence.

IF A man's ambition is to be Ambassador at London or Paris, he should, as things are now, build his foundations not by making himself useful to his country in the diplomatic service, but by staying at home and making money, so that with his wealth and political prestige he will be able to buy the highest honors which the Government has for sale. But if his ambitions are more modest, if he enjoys a diplomatic career for what it brings day by day, and will not be embittered in after years by seeing himself set aside in favor of less qualified men, let him go into the service, and in spite of everything he will be satisfied, because he will realize that without him and his fellow "career" diplomats very little international work would be satisfactorily accomplished. To give one's life to a great cause, even without proper compensation, has other rewards which probably commend themselves to career diplomats; otherwise our Embassies and Legations would soon close for lack of personnel to run them. But happily patriotic service has still its great appeal, and to the patriots who are willing to give their talents and their lives to their country in its diplomatic service the country owes an increasing debt of gratitude. But, of course, it is always more honest to pay one's debts, even though the creditor is a country and not an individual. The ethics are the same in both cases.

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The Literary Landscape

by
HERSCHEL BRICKELL

If the Landscaper's memory is not up to one of its old tricks, it was De Quincey who saw no use in writing books unless they were written with one's heart's blood. The remark has not infrequently bobbed up while your literary scout was engaged in his pioneering, and it came to mind again a few days ago when he was reading what V. Sackville-West had to say about her experiences as a reviewer of fiction. A few months ago Miss Sackville-West, a novelist of talent and a critic of intelligence, in addition to being the wife of Harold Nicholson, one of this department's favorite authors, undertook to review some half-dozen novels a week for an English periodical. She has now announced that the discouraging feature of her work is the pitifully small number of books she reads that really matter.

The Landscaper suspects that a thrill of sympathy went through the breasts of all the veteran reviewers who read Miss Sackville-West's animadversions. Miss West was speaking of fiction only, and it is in the field of fiction that the greatest discouragement exists. One suspects that the principal difficulty is the relative ease with which something resembling a novel may be written, and the relative ease with which such things may be published. Of course, there are far worse ones unpublished; if Miss Sackville-West really wishes to become downhearted she should undertake to do reading for a publisher. Perhaps she has already, but if so the chances are that she has been called upon to judge only winnowed manuscripts. A few months of sifting out the grains of wheat from the mountains of chaff that encumber those literary granaries, publishers' safes, would probably convince her, as it has some of the rest of us, that what the world really needs is a good deal more illiteracy.

Why Do They Do It?

Even if we all suddenly decided to take De Quincey's saying seriously, which we will not, since most fiction is written for the money that is in it, and not because the author's heart has ever bled a drop, we should have enough bad novels; there would still be many left that would be worthless because their authors, however serious in purpose, knew nothing of the technical aspects of fiction

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writing. Much of the trash of which Miss Sackville-West speaks, and with which all of us who make our living from books are sadly familiar, is born because people who for one reason or another enjoy reading feel that they must write. Fortunately not all the people who enjoy music feel that they must compose, or worse still, play, and not all the people who enjoy looking at pictures try to paint. But writing is different; every one can write, and unfortunately every one who can write decent English, and a great many who can not, find encouragement somewhere.

This is somewhat beside the original point, however. Miss Sackville-West is not thinking in terms of the hundreds of thousands of words written in every so-called civilized country every year which will never see the light of day, and which have no more serious effects than spoiling the dispositions of publishers' readers, a grouchy enough lot, at best — ask any author — but in terms of published novels, and in her case, of the cream of published novels since she reviewed a selected group. This very week-end, the Landscaper's eye has been wandering up and down the bookshelves to see what volumes may be removed before his own library changes its residence, and he was fairly appalled by the long rows of fiction that may be spared without any compunction. This fiction has been saved from thousands of volumes; most of the novels seemed important at the time of their publication. But of what use are they, and why keep them? Far too many of them wear the dejected air of yesterday's newspapers.

Where Is The Work?

All this has a direct bearing upon one of the sorest spots in book publishing and bookselling at the present time, namely the overproduction of fiction, and the printing by all publishers of too many books that should have been left in the manuscript state. This is a hard sentence for authors, to be sure, and unemployment is so general that one can not very well suggest they would be better off at work. Of course, one of the additional difficulties which Miss Sackville-West probably recognizes, is that not very many of the novels that really matter find a sufficient market to make them at all profitable; the piffle goes over big, even though it is forgotten within a few weeks or months. There are some hopeful signs on the horizon, however. A good many publishers have reduced their lists for the current autumn, and a good many more will be making cuts next spring. The plain truth of the matter is that not nearly enough good books, either of fiction or non-fiction, are being written to keep all the existing publishing houses supplied, and this inevitably results in the production of a great deal of inferior work, and what is worse, perhaps, in encouraging more people to write.

Every once in a while some one, usually an author at heart, complains bitterly that our materialistic civilization does not pay a sufficient honor to the artist, who is inevitably forced to move away in order to be happy and to get his work done. The Landscaper suspects in this highly cynical moment that if a country blessed — or cursed — with very

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nearly universal illiteracy ever started idolizing all the people in it who thought themselves artists, the whole civilization would go quickly to smash. There are no illusions about the superiority of artists to other people in the Landscaper's battered bosom. He has known and enjoyed the companionship of too many other kinds of people to be bowled over by the manifestation of some slight talent for stringing words together, or playing some musical instrument badly, or adding to the world's crowded store of mediocre painting or sculpture.

There Is No Remedy

ASIDE from the reduction in publishers' lists, which will continue so long as trade is bad and end abruptly as soon as "prosperity" is with us again, the Landscaper has no suggested remedy for *cacoëthes scribendi*. Perhaps when the psychiatrists have made the world over, and the John B. Watsons, Bertrand Russells, and so on, have solved all our social problems in an exact and mathematical manner, we shall all be so perfectly adjusted to our environments that there will be no conflict to make writing necessary. The entire literary output of the country will then be lyrics of joy and happiness, in the Edgar Guest manner.

Speaking of the advantages of illiteracy, there is probably no one who has ever travelled in Spain and had contacts with the people who has not been impressed with their superior qualities. Very few can read or write. But the following picture by Salvador de Madariaga in his recent *Spain* (Scribner, $5) is not too much exaggerated:

> It will be noticed that the people, i.e., the popular classes, north or south, east or west, possess qualities of wisdom, of heart, of manners, which the visitor is used to connect with the cultured or well-to-do levels of society. The usual test — illiteracy — breaks down in Spain. Illiterates speak like Seneca, think like Blake, and behave like Louis XIV. A composure, a quiet assurance, covered with respect but not oiled with subservience, a genuine fellow-feeling, a quick sense of dignity yet free from susceptibility, suggest that the Spanish people are endowed with a natural notion of equality springing from a deep sense of fraternity.

This is an excellent book of Madariaga's, a compact and comprehensive history of Spain and a survey of the present situation. One may not agree with all his conclusions, but there is no escaping the brilliance of his intellect, and how the man does write English! His style, in an adopted language, amounts in itself to genius.

If the Landscaper may be permitted to ride this hobby a few more leagues, he would like to report on another book about Spain, which so far as he knows has not been published in this country, but which is available in an English edition. This is Lord Derwent's *Goya: An Impression of Spain* (Methuen), an excellent book on that curious Aragonese painter, whose real greatness has not even yet had its recognition. The last chapter is called "Reflections," and beneath a difficult style there are concealed some really remarkable thoughts about Spain. One of these passages follows:

> Is it for nothing that, still today, your beggars have a ducal air; that you dare to have beggars at all, when you have skyscrapers? Must we cry at you, in despair, that you are the only civilized country in Europe that still keeps a personality? And that, not because you are not properly civi-

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lized, but because whether you are or not, you will never change, it will always be possible to come across God and the Devil hand-in-hand in your highways? You are Anarchy itself; for nothing rules you but Catholicism, and even that you have twisted to suit your temper. And whence are you this Anarchy? Because behind your genuflections, your lovely manners and your remoteness, looms the new God you have always worshipped; the Individual, on handshake terms both with God and Devil, and in this case, Heaven be praised, a trifle crazy; Man himself, full and free. Crazy, be it at once understood, in the best sense; the sense of Quixote — but not of Quixote alone; Quixote accompanied by Sancho Panza.

Motoring In Spain

THERE is one more book on Spain that deserves at least a few words, and then the subject will be dropped. It is *The Roads of Spain*, by Charles L. Freeston (Scribners, $3.75). Perhaps the news has not spread so far as it might, but Spain has built a wonderful system of highways in the past five years, or less, and motoring is as comfortable there as in any country in the world. The Freeston book describes a complete tour of the country, covering more than 6,000 miles, and will prove a practical guide to any one who wishes to undertake such a trip. The Landscaper's dream remains a tour with a donkey and a blue cart, but he would not refuse an automobile ride. So much of the best of Spain is away from the railroads that motoring is really an ideal way to see the country, and since there are relatively few cars there, it is much safer than in most parts of the world, notably our own United States. The Patronato Nacional de Tourismo has done wonders to open Spain to the outside world, and is ready to help visiting motorists at any time. Indeed, there may be hot-dog stands lining the main arteries of traffic by next spring. . . .

Returning to the subject of fiction, the Landscaper can not say that the market of the moment offers very many books to relieve the feelings of people like Miss Sackville-West. There are a few novels of importance at hand, perhaps a dozen, and some others that should interest those who are willing to experiment, but on the whole the output is not too high in quality. Some better prospects lie ahead, however, and there is every reason to believe that the autumn will at least run ahead of the past spring.

A New Lehmann Novel

THE thousands of readers who enjoyed Rosamond Lehmann's first novel, *Dusty Answer*, two years or so ago, will be interested in the news that there is a new book by this author available. It is *A Note in Music* (Holt, $2.50). Written in the same beautiful style that made the first book so notable, it relates the stories of several married women. Its primary appeal will be to women, as was the case with *Dusty Answer*, but there should be men who will find what Miss Lehmann has to say on the deadening effects of matrimony quite interesting. Those readers who enjoy good writing will also find pleasure in Edwin Granberry's third novel, *The Erl King* (Macaulay, $2), an atmospheric story of a section of Florida little known to the rest of the world. Mr. Granberry's *Strangers and Lovers* will be remembered with pleasure. *The Erl King* is remarkable for its sustained mood; a novel that has more than a little of the Poesque

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quality, and somehow reminiscent of ballad literature. Of these two novelists it may safely be said that they are both born writers; there is nothing synthetic about their ability to put words together.

François Mauriac's *The Family* (Covici-Friede, $2), published in France in two volumes and now translated into English in one by Lewis Galantière, is an important novel of family life by one of the best-known writers of fiction in Europe. Its two parts are called *Kiss to the Leper* and *The Matriarch*. It is unlikely to please the majority of American readers, but it is a book of very genuine power and penetration, and one that in the present short season should not be overlooked by those who are seeking intelligent new fiction.

Our Professional Amateurs

EXCELLENT journalism in fictional form is John R. Tunis's *American Girl* (Brewer and Warren, $2), which is the account of the rise to fame of a female tennis champion. This was first written as a short story, where it attracted much attention, and was then expanded. Mr. Tunis is one of the leading exposers of the evils that riddle so-called amateur American sports, and he appears to know what he is talking about. The atmosphere of the book is quite evidently authentic, and there is no reason to doubt that its bitter attack upon the bunk that surrounds amateur champions is amply justified. The only game of the day that has not been proved to be overloaded with bunk is the revival of backgammon, and there are probably people already who can manipulate the dice in the cup. Judging Mr. Tunis's book as reporting, which it is, he has done a good piece of work, and all who like debunking will enjoy it. It will not upset the customers, however. Look at boxing.

Two other recent novels from abroad that are worthy of attention are Italo Svevo's *Confessions of Zeno* (Knopf, $3), a satire in psychological methods of the times, with a wealth of bitter and biting wisdom in its Proustian pages, and *The Trap* by Delfino Cinelli, a recent winner of the important Mondadori prize in Italy. The Cinelli novel is published by John Day with an introduction by Carl Van Doren. It tells the story of the operations of a triangle in the Middle Ages, and is a shortish novel of a good deal of strength, although it will hardly find its way to the best-seller lists. Svevo is dead, so that he will not have the pleasure of reading the glowing and deserved reviews of his book that have appeared in the American press.

A Tale Of The Old West

FRANK B. LINDERMAN, whose *American* attracted a good deal of attention early this year as an authentic picture of life among the Indians of our West, is the author of a novel of Western life, *Morning Light*, which the John Day Company have just reissued. Its original title was *Lige Mount: Free Trapper*, and it concerns the fortunes of this same Mount. It is a real contribution to the lore of the West, and as honest as Mr. Linderman's earlier story of *Plenty Coups*.

If the Landscaper were going to perform the invidious task of selecting from the present accumulation

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of novels those that very definitely do not matter, high on the list would come *Beau Lover* (Liveright, $2.) by Carman Barnes, author of that famous novel, *Schoolgirl*. *Beau Lover* is piffle, and disagreeable piffle, since the impression that it leaves is that girls think of virtually nothing but sex. This seems to the Landscaper to be somewhat exaggerated. Miss Barnes's first book was widely read for its supposed pornography, of which there was really very little. There are a few frank passages in the new book, but nothing really objectionable. There are other titles that belong with *Beau Lover*, too, and perhaps it is unfair to single out Miss Barnes's work when it has such strong competition, but the principal theory of this department is that its space belongs to books that are worth reading, so the others will go unrebuked.

Another Dollar Series

One of the most interesting of the recent efforts to stimulate book-buying by price-cutting has now reached the public in the form of paper-bound novels, published by Simon and Schuster. These are called Inner Sanctum novels, and to date there are eight titles, including *Casanova's Homecoming*, which has just this moment fallen under the displeasure of that protector of the morals of New Yorkers, Mr. Sumner. *I Am Jonathan Scrivener* by Claude Houghton, *The Earth Told Me* by Thames Williamson, *Red Snow* by F. Wright Moxley and *Fifteen Rabbits* by Felix Salten are among the more promising titles in the series. The books sell for $1, and will be bound by the publishers for another dollar. They are well printed on good paper, and do not have the look of mass-production about them that makes some of the other dollar-book experiments distasteful. It is much too soon to say how this experiment will work out, but there is intelligence back of it, and the advertising of it has been honest and in good taste. Another of these experiments is that of Coward-McCann, who are publishing several first novels at $1.50, under the general title of Premier Fiction. Only one of these has the Landscaper read, Marie Stanley's *Gulf Stream*, which is a rather interesting story of mixed blood in the South, although it suffers somewhat from the lack of life-blood in the characters. If it is an indication of the general character of Premier Fiction, however, the publishers may justifiably claim that they have reduced price without cutting quality, for in an ordinary season $2.50 would have been asked for this book, whether it was received or not.

Drug Stores Are Well Stocked

The drug stores are swarming with other lines of dollar books, most of them of no conceivable importance except as merchandise. How large their sales have been is not easy to determine at present, but on the whole, it is with this sort of stuff that the market has been glutted, and the Landscaper is unable to see how overproduction of second-rate fiction is going to be helped by speeding up the overproduction, even though new channels be opened to take care of the flood.

The prospects for readers are a good deal brighter in the field of non-fiction, to which we shall now turn. The Landscaper has thoroughly en-

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joyed, for example, Emilie and George Romieu's *Three Virgins of Haworth* or *The Lives of the Brontë Sisters* (Dutton) a clear, readable and sympathetic story of one of the strangest families in all literature. There is some amusement to be had, perhaps, in a reference to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW contained in a letter to Williams, the editor for Smith and Elder, who was such a good friend to Charlotte Brontë.

Cheers for a Reviewer

CHARLOTTE wrote:

> THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is worth reading. There is no mincing the matter here. What a bad set the Bells must be! [It will be remembered that the Brontës' first books appeared under the pseudonyms of Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell] And what appalling books they write! Today, as Emily appeared a little easier, I thought the REVIEW would amuse her, so I read it aloud to her and Anne.
>
> As I sat between them at our quiet but now somewhat melancholy fireside, I studied the two ferocious authors.
>
> Ellis, the "man of uncommon talents, but dogged, brutal and morose" sat leaning back in his easy chair drawing his impeded breath as best he could, and looking, alas! piteously pale and wasted; it is not his wont to laugh, but he smiled half amused and half in scorn as he listened.
>
> Acton was sewing, no emotion ever stirs him to loquacity, so he only smiled too, dropping at the same time a word of calm amazement to hear his character so darkly portrayed. I wonder what the reviewer would have thought of his own sagacity if he could have seen the pair as I did.
>
> Vainly, too, he might have looked round for the masculine partner of "Bell and Company!" How I laugh in my sleeve when I read the solemn assertions that *Jane Eyre* was written in partnership, and that it "bears the marks of more than one mind and one sex."

This is of interest to Brontë-ites.

Some Books About America

ONE of this department's favorite sub-headings, as its regular followers all know by this time, deals with books about the early days of our country, books that are in every sense American. There are several of these on hand this month, among the most entertaining — at least for those readers who do not mind bloodshed — Robert M. Coates's *The Outlaw Years* (Macaulay, $3). The subtitle, *History of the Land Pirates of the Natchez Trail, 1800–1835*, may serve as a further indication of the material in the book. This is added for fear someone may think Mr. Coates is writing about contemporary Chicago, or the United States under Prohibition. Mr. Coates retells the tales of the Harpes, of John Murrell, who dreamed of an empire made of freed slaves; of Joseph Hare, Samuel Mason and many another worthy. There have never been darker and bloodier days in the history of this country than this period, and Mr. Coates spares his readers nothing. Considerably less bloody, but filled with color and interest, is Robert L. Duffus's *The Santa Fé Trail* (Longmans, Green), which is another volume that all collectors of Americana will want, although its interest is by no means confined to this class. It makes very clear how much we owe the Spaniards in at least one section of the country. Mr. Duffus has done his usual excellent job of research for the book.

Another of the new books that is as distinctly American as Will Rogers is Will James's *Lone Cowboy: My Life Story* (Scribners, $2.75), with illustrations by the author.

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Will James is one of the Landscaper's weaknesses, maybe because he can draw horses so well; at any rate *Lone Cowboy* is right at the top of the list of this month's recommendations, a well-told story, filled with interesting anecdotes of the West that is going so rapidly, and with a lot of good drawings. Mr. James continues to write in cowboy lingo, which helps to give his book the right flavor, and his pencil has not lost its cunning. The earlier chapters dealing with his orphaned boyhood are charming and touching. Altogether, a mountain peak in the present literary landscape. . . .

The War Goes On

PEOPLE continue to ask themselves when the rush of war books will end, and the answer continues to be Not Yet. English publishers' catalogues indicate that the rush will not have subsided on the other side before the turn of the year, anyway, if then, and a good many of the new English volumes will find their way here, although it will take a temerarious publisher to try to get away with any war books here any time soon.

One of the newest importations is *A Brass Hat in No-Man's Land* (Cape and Smith, $2.50) by Brigadier-General Crozier, which is a matter-of-fact account of war from the point of view of a hard-boiled British officer. Its author has behind him a long and distinguished military career, and while his book has created more or less of a sensation in England, where the British Legion's nerves are beginning to be a bit tender, there have been none to dispute its facts. General Crozier knows that war is a very bloody, disagreeable business, which a lot of people have been suspecting for a long time, and he adduces plenty of evidence to support his contentions. The book will not create the sensation here that it did in England, naturally, but for those who are still interested in the war as it was really fought, it will prove very much worth while.

A Stefan Zweig Biography

WE SHALL have to lean heavily upon the miscellaneous classification for the rest of this survey. There are many books on many subjects awaiting attention. Oddly enough, in this day of biography, only one of the species is at hand, Stefan Zweig's admirable study of *Joseph Fouché* (Viking Press, $3.50), another translation by Eden and Cedar Paul. Zweig subtitles his book: *The Portrait of a Politician*, which is a bit savage, considering all the different kinds of scoundrel his French subject was. There are plenty of drama and human interest in the story of Fouché's stormy career, so filled with violent ups and downs. The leading figures of the various periods covered by Fouché's career appear in the book, including Napoleon, Robespierre, Louis XVIII, Talleyrand, and Lafayette.

At a time when the Russian question is again to the fore, the revision of George Varnadsky's fine *History of Russia*, published by the Yale University Press, is of especial interest. First published in May, 1929, the book had three printings before its revision. It has now been brought as near down to date as possible, and contains an introduction by Michael Ivanovich Rostovtzeff. The

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price is $4, and the book is a compact history of Russia from its beginnings down to January of the present year.

A Life Of Adventure

LOVERS of adventure of all kinds will not have to look any further just now than *Water and Gold* by Lewis Stanton Palen, the life story of Charles G. Hedlund, a Finn, who started life as an orphan chimney sweep, and who is now living not far from New York with his family, a contented mechanic. In between, Hedlund ran away to sea, where he went through shipwrecks, fights, illnesses, and every other kind of trial. Also, he landed on the African Gold Coast, and hunted gold until he became involved in the Boer War, and found himself eventually in prison. All these adventures he has told to Palen, who, it will be recalled, helped to launch Ferdinand Ossendowski, and who knows how to tell a story. Hedlund has crowded as much adventure into his life as is known by a thousand ordinary men in these effete times. This is probably a very good place to mention G. Gibbard Jackson's collection of yarns about the oceans, *The Romance of the Sea* (Stokes), which deals with clippers, steamships, warships, submarines, mysteries of the sea, and so on. It is a sort of hodge-podge, but the boys who like salt water will enjoy it.

The very practical help that the Guggenheim fortune has been to the progress of aviation gives unusual interest to *The Seven Skies* by Harry Guggenheim (Putnam, $2.50), a collection of articles on various phases of present-day flying. A large, solid and scientific study of handwriting is *Experiments with Handwriting* by Robert Saudek (William Morrow, $5), a book designed to be some practical use to all whose business it is to judge men and their mental states. The volume has been published in nearly every country of any importance, and from samplings the Landscaper has made of it, seems to be an eminently sensible contribution to graphology, free from the bunk side of this semi-science. E. Beresford Chancellor's *London's Old Latin Quarter* (Houghton Mifflin, $4.50), is a charming book about the Tottenham Court Road neighborhood,when it was a sort of English Montmartre a hundred years ago.

Untermeyer Anthology Revised

FOR lovers of poetry there is a revision of Louis Untermeyer's *Modern American Poetry 1830–1930* (Harcourt, Brace), an admirable critical anthology, which now includes selections from the works of Robinson Jeffers, Langston Hughes, Archibald MacLeish, Merrill Moore, Joseph Moncure March, Allen Tate, Hart Crane and others, in addition to expanded sections from the works of some of the older poets. Harcourt has also published Carl Sandburg's *American Songbag* in a popular edition at $3.50, the original price having been $7.50. This is a wonderful collection of American songs that should be in every home. There are plenty of selections for tight parties, as well as songs to be sung in sober moments. Admirers of Edwin Arlington Robinson will be interested in Charles Cestre's *An Introduction to Edwin Arlington Robinson* (Macmillan, $1.75), an expansion of lectures first given at Bryn Mawr by the distinguished French professor.

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A few more novels have made their appearances since work was begun upon this chapter of the Landscape, and since by next month there will be many books to write about — from advance forecasts a number of really important ones and perhaps even a few written in heart's blood — it may be as well to clear the decks at this time. A curious piece of experimental fiction, which would have definite value as a psychological document if its highly tricky style did not make it difficult to read, is Emily Coleman's *The Shutter of Snow* (Viking, $2.50), which relates in prose that is direct from the school of the noted and now defunct magazine *transition* the experiences of the author while in a hospital for the insane during a period of two months following childbirth. It has a nightmareish quality. At the other extreme is a new novel by John Buchan, *Castle Gay* (Houghton Mifflin $2.50), which is an addition to a series already familiar to many followers of Mr. Buchan's pleasant yarns. Many familiar characters, such as Huntington, McNab, and others take part, and the whole business has a fine Stevensonian ring. No experimenting here. . . .

A Novel About Washington

QUEEN ANNE'S LACE by Frances Parkinson Keyes (Lippincott, $2) is the story of the rise of a country girl and her husband in Washington society and politics, related by one who knows the game from the inside and who has managed a reasonably complete picture of the scene at the national capital. This is for those who like such things; unfortunately, one of the Landscaper's many blind spots has to do with politics, and Washington society has always impressed him, from what he has heard and read of it, as about as stupid as anything in the known world. There are many people, however, who sit up nights worrying about the riddle of the Ambassador and the members of the Supreme Court, which not even Mrs. Emily Price Post has been able to solve.

There are the usual number of detective stories available, but they have long ago become almost too numerous to do much about, except that one might mention *The French Powder Mystery* by some one who calls himself Ellery Queen, and who wrote *The Roman Hat Mystery* last year. It is published by Stokes and is unusually good.

The Landscaper has recently had the pleasure of examining some of the newer volumes in Everyman's Library with the gay and attractive jackets that resulted from a prize competition carried on by Dutton. Among the additions to this invaluable series is a two-volume edition of Rabelais, which has been released after one year in the customs, this being just one more evidence of the stupidity of the censorship, since many editions of Rabelais are in the market without restrictions. The Urquhart-Motteux translation, in which most of us first read Rabelais, is used. There is a large number of excellent new titles in the series.

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The Reader's Turn

A Department of Comment and Controversy

Life Extension

Doctor Eugene Lyman Fisk, Medical Director of the Life Extension Institute, takes issue with a contributor

I NOTE with amazement and satisfaction, in Mr. T. Swann Harding's discussion of *Science and the Span of Life* in the August issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, that I should be missed. I had not thought this possible!

Following closely upon this agreeable statement, however, I find some extraordinary misstatements that trouble me — not because they affect me personally but because of their possible adverse influence on human life and human destiny.

If the propaganda for periodic health examinations were merely an individual matter, confined to me personally or to the Life Extension Institute, I should not pay any attention to Mr. Harding's statements, but inasmuch as leaders in medicine have agreed that periodic health examinations constitute the greatest advance in modern medical sicence and the greatest hope of controlling the rising death rate in middle life and later, Mr. Harding's cynical and superficially inaccurate characterizations of this particular measure and its results constitute an affront to the modern medical profession.

No public good is going to arise out of spreading the notion that periodic health examinations merely disclose fallen arches or ingrowing toenails. If Mr. Harding wishes to come to the Life Extension Institute and undergo such an examination, we would be glad to accommodate him; and unless he is a superman we are sure that more than this will be found.

It seems to me that a writer who assumes to guide the people in a great journal like yours, on questions fundamental to human happiness, contentment, and well-being, should be more careful as to his facts. The most cursory examination of the literature on life extension would reveal what has actually been found on these periodic health examinations. Perhaps the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is merely amusing itself by extending the privilege of these examinations through the Institute to several millions of people, and perhaps its expenditure of nearly a million dollars a year in this work is a mere gesture. However, I do not think any level-headed person would view the situation that way.

We have had reactionary critics questioning our figures, but whatever may be thought about the actual reduction in the death rate among those taking periodic health examinations, we well know what we have found in the course of these examinations, and this is where Mr. Harding makes his gross misstatements.

I can pass over his reference to "professional rejuvenators" because the matter is far bigger than my own personal interest in it. If he wishes to characterize as professional rejuvenators those promoting this work in the five county medical societies of Greater New York, I believe they would have something to say to him in answer.

Mr. Harding's remarkable discovery that man pays a price in diminished longevity for his differentiation, as compared to lower organisms, has been reiterated many times by me; but nowhere have I said anything on the platform, in the public press, or in magazine articles that would justify him in fixing upon me the prediction that old age should begin at 500 or 600 years. Reporters and magazine writers have wept bitterly because I have refused to make any prediction of any kind. Not knowing what science is going to do in the future, it would be impossible to make any definite prediction as to the ultimate extension of human life. It is, of course, true that I have contended for the principle of the non-fixity of the death rate and the non-fixity of the life cycle. Mr. Harding seems to have dipped into much of my literature and taken many of the facts I have collected, but he twists them around and places me in a false light.

I have been in the public eye so many years, have written so much and engaged in so much public controversy, that I can not get excited over misstatements regarding myself, my opinions, or my work. I am taking up this matter only because it affects the general propaganda for periodic health examinations, which I regard as the best hope of the public in the situation recently revealed by unquestioned authorities as to

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the rising death rate in middle life and later. This situation, peculiar to the United States, can not be laughed off, and it is not going to be dealt with in a satisfactory corrective way by cynical, superficial, inaccurate dabblers in the subject.

This institution has examined approximately a million people during the past sixteen years. If in that period we found nothing but fallen arches and ingrowing toenails, I think something should be done to us. The latest bulletin of the Milbank Memorial Fund, which in coöperation with the United States Public Health Service made a close and careful study, would show what we actually found in the analysis of 100,000 cases. A few facts of this kind, it seems to me, are worth tons of flippant comment by one who is dispensing second, third and fourth hand information without any critical test of its authenticity.

Mr. Harding admits the thesis, advanced by me during the past twenty years, that the life span has not been increasing and that the death rate in middle life is increasing, but he allies himself with strange agencies for checking such tendencies. I have no apologies to offer for seeing hope in the future and can back up that vision by tested results in the examination of a million lives.

For Justice in Venezuela

By Arthur Locke King

In the December, 1929, issue of The North American Review, Morris Gilbert in an article entitled *Venezuela's Rocking-Chair Czar* gave us a partial view of the tragedy that has been taking place in that country under the despotism of Juan Vicente Gomez, designated by his *ipse dixit* the "Well-deserving." In a letter from Mr. Gilbert to Senator J. E. Ransdell of Louisiana, printed in *The Congressional Record*, that writer indicates that, if he had felt at liberty to tell the whole story, the world would have stood aghast at the revelations. Since that time, in connection with a resolution introduced by Senator Ransdell and now pending before the Foreign Relations Committee of the United States Senate, there have been published petitions, letters, and affidavits giving detailed accounts of the barbarities practised upon "political" prisoners in that country, where Gomez's will has been substituted for the law of the land.

While it would seem to be incredible, nevertheless it is true, that there has been maintained in Venezuela for more than twenty years a despotic system, functioning under the designation of a *Government*, which has used its power to deprive men and boys of their liberty, without charges without hearings, and without published in vestigations. The only reasons ever given for such imprisonments have been that such men and boys have been guilty of "political" offenses. "Political" prisoners! When that term was first used by man is lost in the dim ages of the past. Under the present enlightened dispensation the average American citizen has no doubt been convinced that the practice of throwing men and boys into dungeons upon the pretext that they were "political" prisoners had been discontinued. The light that is now being turned on conditions in Venezuela shows that in spite of the carefully censored reports that have been published as to good roads, excellent government, and modern improvements in that country, there has continuously been in force this system under which "political" prisoners numbering thousands have been cast into dungeons and kept there in chains under conditions similar to those existing in the darkest period of the world's history.

Beginning twenty-odd years ago, this man Gomez secured control of the military forces, and consequently of the Government, and instituted a system under which it was practically impossible for anyone who might oppose him to obtain arms and munitions from within or without the country. Bidding for external support, the tyrant played upon the avarice of man by promising to pay Venezuela's questionable foreign debts and to make that country *safe for foreign investments*. His only demand in return for these pledges was that he be allowed to have complete control of the Government and that he be given a fair share of the spoils.

Thus for more than twenty years this unholy alliance of foreign capitalists and military dictatorship has continued in operation, crushing into submission by savage cruelty a not always passive people and draining the country of its rich resources. The wily Gomez has retained the hollow shell of constitutionality so that to superficial observation Venezuela presents a respectable front. It is a republic in name, a constitutional government in form, but in substance and actual operation as harsh and cruel a tyranny as ever oppressed a suffering people since "man's inhumanity to man" was first recorded.

One item of evidence showing to what extent this travesty on justice has gone is the petition from the women of Venezuela to Mr. Hoover before he became President of the United States. This petition was first published in *The Congressional Record* of the Seventy-first Congress under

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date of June 3, 1930. It was reproduced in *The Baltimore Sun* on July 1, as follows:

"To your noble country has already reached the echo of our painful outcry, and you and your prominent fellow-citizens already know of the agony of a people who, deprived of every right and of every liberty, perish at the very gates of the country of Washington, under the most terrible incarnation of brutal force ever known in America.

"The noble people who gained independence and the republican idea for a continent, from the Avila to the shores of La Plata, are today suffering from a rule of blood and infamy.

"This you can not fail to know, Mr. Hoover, for the sorrows and clamors of Venezuela fill the world, but that which you can not imagine, because it exceeds the limits of human cruelty, is the martyrdom of hundreds of children, of young men, and of adolescents taken away from the university and from honorable homes to be transported like galley slaves to desolate and barren regions where malaria and typhoid fever render impossible the continuance of existence.

"That which you can not see is the torturing of those who perish daily in the lonely fortresses and prisons so abundant in this country, because the agony of those unfortunate citizens is breathed forth daily only into their dark and unhealthy cells, where they are deprived of all contact with mankind and of all human comforts. Frequently the sad news of their death does not reach their families until months have passed.

"With no liberty, no free press, without the right of speech, without anything, with absolutely none of those mediums which civilization grants to the voice of the people, we set before you this protest of a martyred people so that through you the whole world may know that, notwithstanding their deceitful and lying shouts of progress, this Government has, during twenty-five years, done nothing more than exploit for its own benefit the riches of the country.

"Petroleum, which this country produces in immense quantities, has only served to enrich the income of our governors. Our plains remain uninhabited and uninhabitable for the reason that in a quarter of a century there has not been initiated the smallest campaign against the disastrous scourge of malarial fever.

"Our illiterate laborers, stupefied by their poor existence, continue to live in their primitive huts, trying with the greatest difficulty to earn their daily bread and knowing no relaxation other than drinking and no prospects other than to be recruited by the Government to kill or to be killed before they understand the reason of their sacrifice.

"Our industries have no progress, our mountains and woods are unexplored as before the discovery. The population does not increase and the tremendous mortality of infants has not yet aroused the slightest interest on the part of our governors. Worse than all this is the brutal and selfish force which drowns the cries of the conscientious and punishes with death the claims brought forth by honest hearts.

"We know that this protest will bring forth persecutions and torture upon us, as the ship which brings you to our country has left our shores; but it does not matter, for we have complied with our duty toward our country and our children, and we are satisfied with the thought that the man who helped Belgium at its moment of trial will not forget us when his official duties in the White House place him in contact with the Government of General Juan Vicente Gomez.

"We know that you will not forget that this Government carried away and deprived of life the innocent children of the Venezuelan mothers who, defenseless and unarmed, come today before you to set forth their protests. This protest no diplomacy and no material interests can make silent, for it will be backed by the tears of your mothers, Sir, when the Venezuelan drama is fully known."

A recent dispatch from Washington dealing with the relations between Mexico and the United States is as follows: "The administration of President Hoover promptly after inauguration demonstrated clearly that this country will not harbor revolutionary movements against the Mexican Government but in fact will lend its full moral support to constitutional institutions there." It would seem appropriate in this connection to call attention to the fact that the present *constitutional* Government of Mexico has refused to maintain diplomatic relations with the *de facto* government in Venezuela. In taking this stand Mexico has adopted a course that is unique in that it is the only nation that has adopted such a course toward Venezuela. While it will no doubt be considered among some persons in this country that it is little short of *lèse majesté* to suggest that any Latin American republic could set an example that might well be followed by the United States of America, we take the risk of pointing out here that the course pursued by Mexico with reference to the Gomez regime in Venezuela is one that might commend itself to the Government

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of the United States. That this course would be followed goes almost without saying, were it not for the large investments which have been made in Venezuela by men who control "big business" in America and other foreign countries.

These are the kinds of influences that, according to Julius Klein, "bestrode the life, political as well as social, of the later Eighteenth and early Nineteenth Centuries with inexorable power." Just as the men who dictated the operation of "big business" in those days held in contempt the power of public opinion in the United States, the "business interests" responsible for the present conditions in Venezuela appear to have failed to take into consideration that power today. It would seem that they have listened so long to the song of the siren, Huge Dividends, that, in relation to political conditions in Venezuela at least, they have been transformed into beasts. This language may sound harsh, but to one who is familiar with the cold facts it is an altogether inadequate condemnation of those responsible for these conditions.

Were it not for the inspiring thought that the "still, small voice" of conscience — the soul of America — has on innumerable occasions proved itself more powerful than the forces of "monopolistic aggression," those who champion the cause of freedom and justice would lose heart. This knowledge inspires the fight in America for restoration of constitutional government in Venezuela. That this fight will be intensely interesting to those who believe in practical justice and fair play for all men, goes without saying.

A Restorative

By Mari Sandoz

While in an editorial position I learned how vastly important an occasional subscriber's reaction to the contents of the magazine can become. I suppose that not even The North American Review is entirely aloof. If not, I wish to say that the June number gave me more satisfaction, stimulation, entertainment, edification and if I may use that much maligned word, inspiration, than I imagined possible in so small a space. *Hungry River* by Overbeck is one of the few magazine short stories that pleased my jaded taste. As my chief and almost constant dissipation is short story reading, or giving courses in their writing, I am rather *blasé*. Even so, I was delighted with *Hungry River*. Spots in that are superbly done.

In Defense of Science

By Orwell Bradley Towne

The article entitled *Shall Protestants Adopt the Confessional?* which appeared in your February, 1930, issue gives a wrong impression of Christian Science, due very probably to the popular misconception that Christian Scientists ignore disease and the fear of disease. In the interest of fairness this should be corrected.

The article states that Christian Scientists ignore the fear of disease and claim better results from so doing than by confessing them. This is not at all in keeping with the facts.

Facing a fear with full faith in the understanding of God to heal it, and meeting that fear and its consequent ill effects on the basis of that faith may not properly be called ignoring either the fear or the disease. This is exactly what Christian Scientists do. They believe that Mary Baker Eddy, the Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science, spoke the Truth when she wrote on page 231 of *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*, the textbook of this religion: "To hold yourself superior to sickness and death . . . is in accordance with divine Science. To fear them is impossible, when you fully apprehend God and know that they are no part of His creation."

Christian Science is a Christian religion, based upon the Bible, more particularly upon the words and works of Christ Jesus, and reinstates the healing ministry of the primitive Christian Church. That this healing ministry has proved its efficacy through the practical results of its application to the fears and troubles of mankind, is too well established and too widely recognized by responsible individuals to be brushed aside by the repetition of a popular misconception of its teachings.

Christian Scientists are willing to have the value of the teachings of this religion determined by the practical results of their practical application.

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